

Ten MILLIONS of English Money for BOLSHEVISM

THE

SATURDAY

REVIEW

Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

Reduced to 2^D.

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£10,000,000 OF BRITISH MONEY FOR SOVIET RUSSIA

LET those who planned this scandalous arrangement read what is happening in Spain to-day—(Reprinted on page 161 from the "Daily Mail")—and TREMBLE—have they never read that those who SUP WITH the Devil must have a long spoon?

EVER since it started I have stated again and again in these pages how very suspicious I was of the very UNNATURAL AND SINISTER CLOSE INTIMACY that had sprung up between Mr. Anthony Eden and Litvinoff, the German Jew Russian Leader; who with his satanically clever brain pitted against our stupid, conceited Foreign Secretary, *was bound to come out on top.*

CAN anyone doubt this £10,000,000 loan—or whatever it is called—which at last has had to be made public, is but a part, and perhaps a very small part, of what Russia has got out of this "Friendship"? And I have never had any doubt that the treacherous giving away of India was also planned by Litvinoff's fertile brain.

THIS tenderness for Russia by members of the Government was really started by Ramsay Macdonald. Did he not say during the war in 1917—Russia has called us to follow her. You must not refuse to answer that appeal.

FOR YEARS PAST I HAVE CRIED FROM THE ROOFTOPS THAT ENGLAND WAS BEING GOVERNED BY THE BOLSHEVISTS.

LUCY HOUSTON

COLLIN BROOKS in the *Sunday Dispatch*.

WHY BRITAIN SHILLY-SHALLIES

IN Germany, when national defence is under review, it is discussed by a few men who have had a severe practical experience of warfare.

Hitler—the one-time Corporal Hitler, the ex-battalion “runner”—when he desires an increase in German air strength calls into conference General Goering and Herr Hess. One is a famous air “ace” and the other one of Hitler’s front-line friends. Both are practical airmen.

The increase is planned and made.

When the Premier of Great Britain desires to increase British air strength he calls into conference a commercial lawyer aided by a Common Law pleader, who then seek the advice of the “higher-ups” of the Air Ministry, none of whom—I am told by men who knew them twenty years ago—has any wartime flying experience of any value.

After this conference there is a delay while one or two elderly financial experts discuss contracts and squabble with the aircraft manufacturers. While this is going on the Department has to get its estimates past the Treasury, which has to get the sanction of a babbling House of Commons to the expenditure.

If the jigs and tools and mechanics are available, the proposed increase is made, and a feverish search is made for pilots to man the cockpits of the machines.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE TWO NATIONAL METHODS IS FRIGHTENING.

GETTING THINGS DONE.

Many people of tender mind have shrunk from the methods of Fascism and Nazi-ism—but none can deny that it is the method which gets things done.

Many people have a strong and deeply rooted love for democracy, with all its personal liberties and individual flatteries, and its carefully concealed corruptions. But none can deny that the democratic method is the method which prevents things from being done.

The appalling state of Spain must have made many people realise for the first time the great debt which European civilisation owes to Mussolini and Hitler.

THEY SAVED THEIR PEOPLES.

But in both countries a man, ruthless, determined and intensely patriotic, impatient of mere suicidal sentimentality, gripped the situation at the crucial time—and saved his people from a form of government alien to all their traditions. Can anybody deny that Communism sways Spain and its Government to-day?

Let no superficial sentimentalist in this country delude himself that Governments such as that of Spain have anything in common with pure democracy.

Election is a democratic farce if it is preceded by burnings and lootings and terrorisation, the end of religious liberty, the expulsion of priests and the public shamings of nuns.

It is because Britain is undisciplined and disarmed that our Foreign Secretary has been reduced to so sorry a spectacle in the eyes of a contemptuous Europe.

Of all the inconstant and futile people who have ever in our history held high office, he takes first place.

His misleading and betrayal of the Negus will shame Britain’s record in history.

Brave and braggart WORDS at the beginning of the Abyssinian war after a very few months gave place to an ignominious withdrawal of all his implied pledges to protect the Abyssinians.

He menaced Mussolini and Mussolini laughed and ignored him.

The Duce had mastered the “how” of his policy. The British Foreign Secretary had not.

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Reprinted from the Daily Mail.

M. BLUM'S CHOICE

The Moscow Bolsheviks who, by their own notorious methods, have long been encouraging and aiding their Communist friends in the Spanish terrorism, yesterday threw aside all pretence of secrecy.

They permitted 120,000 Russians to assemble in the Red Square "to vow moral and material" support to those who have plunged Spain into a reign of murder and rapine.

The support is certainly material, for the workers of the Moscow district are to contribute part of their wages to aid the Spanish Reds.

Last night, through its loudest speakers and in many languages, Moscow defiantly broadcast all over Europe its interference in Spain, thus precipitating a situation full of the gravest peril.

Soviet interference, in fact, began months ago. We know that on April 5th Moscow despatched 79 agents to Spain for the express purpose of stirring up a Red revolution, and we also know that at that date a sum of £500,000 was placed by the Soviet at the plotters' disposal.

In a word the present civil war is not a war between General Franco's patriotic forces and a Spanish Administration. It is a war in which **General Franco is fighting the resources and malignity of the Soviet.** The Spanish Government has betrayed the country it claims to rule by surrendering authority to Stalin's master-plotters.

This anti-Christ Government has further covered itself with shame by handing over arms to the dregs of Madrid and Barcelona.

SAVAGERY

Hence the savagery which has been the distinctive characteristic of the Reds in this struggle. They seek to strike terror by the vileness of their deeds. Thus the New York *Herald-Tribune* for Sunday reports:

Automobiles filled with Anarchists and Com-

munists, often accompanied by armed women, have sown terror by riding through Catalonia, attacking convents and churches and the homes of wealthy residents, and massacring priests, nuns, and the rich on simple suspicion of their being Fascists.

Or take this evidence given by fugitives and telegraphed recently by our Lisbon correspondent as to Red methods in the Badajoz province:

Drunken hordes went from house to house of 110 landowners, assaulting wives and daughters. Before leaving, the marauders cut off one ear of each of the victims. In Vigo Communists drove priests and wealthy people into the streets, shot them, and left their bodies strewn about. The head of one aged priest, horribly mutilated, was hung on a tavern door.

Evidence of the same kind comes from a hundred different places and sources. To give the slightest countenance to a Government under whose ægis such things are being done is a crime against civilisation and against Christianity.

For that reason **there is great anxiety** in this country at the reports which come persistently from France that M. Blum's Administration may be forced by French Communists to grant open or covert support to the Communist Junta in Madrid.

The British people will never stand for any sort of friendship with a Government which gives aid to the Red tyranny in Spain. As the *Journal des Débats* wrote yesterday, "England will never associate herself with a France under the thumb of Moscow."

The French Ministry can make its choice. If it should decide to assist the Spanish Communists such action would put **an immediate end to all possibilities of ententes and new Locarnos.** For the victory of Communism in Spain would be a terrible blow to civilisation.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

SPAIN

Patriots Versus Reds

Spain is now gripped in the agony of a desperate civil war.

Behind the Government is the force of the Reds. Fighting the Reds desperately are the Patriots.

The struggle for Spain has more than a local significance. It is a phase of the perpetual battle between Communism and anti-Communism.

In Madrid the mild-looking Government is a puppet of the Communists, just as in Paris the Government of M. Blum is the puppet of the Communists.

When France entered into the Franco-Soviet Pact there was a distinct loss of British sympathy.

If France should now actively aid the Reds against the patriots in Spain, that loss of sympathy would be accentuated.

Whereas Britain is now lukewarm in her emotion towards the Left Wing Government of France, she would become definitely hostile should France ally herself to the Reds of Spain.

We have one foe in both home and foreign politics. That foe is Communism.

To the Patriots of Spain now embattled with Communism the British people send good will. Their fight is ours.

Sunday Dispatch.

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The Opposing Sides

The opposing factions in the Spanish civil war broadly consist of:

REDS.—Spanish Government and its Communist and anarchist supporters; some of the Civil Guard; a portion of the Fleet and the Army.

ANTI-REDS.—A union of patriots which includes Señor Primo de Rivera's "Spanish Phalanx" (Fascists); the Requetes (Monarchists); the Spanish Foreign Legion; a large section of the Army and part of the Fleet, and thousands of Nationalist volunteers.

Daily Mail.

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DEFENCE

The Hour of Danger

The session is over—to the relief, doubtless, of Ministers, who got the Unemployment Assistance regulations through with more success, and even credit, than they had reason to expect. But the chief impression left by half a year of the House of Commons is that the party scuffle is a petty affair in itself, and a wanton aggravation of risks that are grim enough without it. All that is serious in the nation's mind is pre-occupied by the

race for safety. The plight in which arrears of defence have placed us was already clear. It is made doubly vivid by the complications and contingencies of the Spanish crisis. We have there an object-lesson of how easily the affairs of any corner of Europe may involve a menace to the general peace. For such menace we are notoriously unready. Nothing else has a fraction of the same urgency.

Halting Measures

Mr. Baldwin has met the most influential leaders of his Party outside the Government, who pressed the need of faster preparation. We hope he is not misled as to the weight and volume of opinion they represent. It is the settled conviction of Unionist members as a body that the present pace of rearmament is not sufficient. A conviction of that kind can put up with no compromise—it would be false to the standards of public duty if it did. Those who regard the Government's measures as too halting and their words as too soothing have no alternative but to alter conditions in which they perceive national peril. Party ties will not restrain them. If Ministers cannot display the increase of vigour and resolution demanded, the majority by which they rule will break in their hands.

Our Empire in Jeopardy

Security, whether "collective" or otherwise, begins at home. There is no secure feeling in Britain to-day, but the reverse. How could it be otherwise, when a maximum of responsibility is flanked by a minimum of protective provision? The country and the Empire stand in a jeopardy on the removal of which every scrap of public energy ought to be concentrated. We recognise the acceleration of output for the Admiralty. But nothing will go any distance towards the relief of public anxiety so long as our appalling disparities in the air are not more rapidly overcome. Until that position is made sound, improved efficiency in the other arms can achieve little. Our whole organisation, not only of defence, but of ordered existence, is liable to sudden destruction so long as our Air Force presents an inviting inferiority to ill-wishers.

Splitting Hairs

A protest of almost unintelligible bearing was made the other day against some detail of military equipment being obtained from Krupp's. It should count for little where the things we need are got from, so long as they are got and that quickly. Every possible effort should be made to enlist the resources of the outer world in our own pressing service. To arm ourselves as we ought to be armed, we must either put a pressure on our

own industries that will interfere with their economic output, and so upset the trade balance and many other things, or we must purchase a substantial portion of what we need in the world-market. Germany chose the former course, at a cost of sacrifice which Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues refuse to impose on their countrymen. But they must face the alternative. What they dare not do is to prolong the hour of danger. What cannot be made in time must be bought, and with America's gigantic machinery and millions of workless men staring them in the face they cannot be in any excusable doubt where to go. They are wise neither on their own account nor on the nation's, if they let the delusion grow that safety can be attained inexpensively. To cope with Powers that have bought armed strength, not only with money, but with suffering, is something far more formidable than a single Ministerial syllable has yet conveyed.

The Observer.

**

"Cannot Protect Trade Routes"

Navy Week, Britain's Big Parade of the sea, opened in driving rain at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham yesterday.

Over 23,700 attended, 700 more than last year.

Speaking from Nelson's flagship, H.M.S. Victory, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, declared that this Navy Week would advertise what was left of it. He said:

"When Lord Jellicoe failed to fight at Scapa he had nearly as many cruisers with him as we have at the moment, and 50 per cent. of ours are obsolete.

"The Navy has been increased, I hope, in the nick of time, but there will be a heavy bill to pay. We are in a different position from what we were in 1914.

"Then we were able to protect our trade routes. Now—to put it bluntly—we cannot.

Empires Pulse

"Trade routes are the pulse of the Empire. If that pulse stops beating, it will be the end of the Empire.

"Warships take years to build; troops take years to train. But you may be assured that what is left of the Navy is as efficient as training and money and good will can make it."

"Fourth Line"

Sir Percy Vincent, Lord Mayor of London—who is "Admiral of the Port of London"—went to Chatham by the destroyer Scimitar, which carried him from Tower Pier, London. In opening the Week he asked:

"What is the use of having a good Navy, Army, and Air Force if we have no fourth line of defence? I hope the Government will bring in a Bill to make agriculture our fourth line of defence."

Sunday Dispatch.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT SCANDAL

Units Crippled by Neglect

In order fully to appreciate the weak and dangerous condition of London's anti-aircraft defences, it is necessary to examine in some detail the plight of individual units.

Within the London area there are 14 separate anti-aircraft units. Five of these units were converted from infantry into searchlights last December.

There is one such battalion on the outskirts of South London which offers a fair example of the converted anti-aircraft unit. Its present establishment, with only two companies, is 642; when numbers permit there will be four companies and 1,294 men. To-day the total strength is 240 officers and other ranks.

Equipment comprises four searchlights—two only of modern design; two lorries, dated 1917, and two trailers to supply searchlight power—one old, one new.

There is no truck, chassis or engine available for essential training in maintenance or automobile engineering. Only the two modern searchlights are considered really effective for training, so that, in fact, one light exists for each company or twelve detachments.

Recruiting Held Up

Another unit, actually in the City of London, which has also been recently converted from rifles to searchlights, is less happily situated. With the conversion six months ago, the battalion was promised new premises in South London to replace its ridiculously inadequate accommodation in the City. As yet plans for the new building are scarcely approved.

Meanwhile, no new recruits can be accepted from the North London area, since obviously these would be unable to transfer to the South. The present accommodation will scarcely contain the hundred odd men who can be found.

Tragi-Comedy

No space is available in which to work the searchlights close by, so that for an evening's training detachments must travel to Wormwood Scrubs. Such drills involve at least five hours' work because the searchlight in use must be packed into a lorry, unpacked at Wormwood Scrubs, re-packed and finally decanted at headquarters.

In North London there is a second battalion, converted from infantry to searchlights, which awaits eagerly, but in vain, the erection of new premises. Equipment consists of only two searchlights, since two others have to remain at Woolwich for want of storage space. The unit's two decrepit lorries are kept in the open at Mill Hill, eight miles away, with one of the searchlights.

Official Meanness

To convey detachments of men to Mill Hill for weekly training on this light, a car costing £10 was purchased not long ago by the regiment. Although the cost of co-operating aircraft for searchlight practice works out at £16 per evening, the humble cost of maintaining this vehicle—a few shillings each week—has been refused by the authorities, and is defrayed by regimental funds.

Through the courtesy of the Office of Works, a second searchlight is worked from Regent's Park. To accomplish this, a staff instructor must leave Camden Town at 5 p.m. for Mill Hill, here to collect a lorry, return with it to headquarters, load up the searchlight, and deliver it to Regent's Park.

When training is ended this process must be reversed, so that the staff instructor eventually returns to his home at headquarters from Mill Hill at two o'clock in the morning.

Enthusiasm, but—

On such evenings as the Regent's Park light cannot be taken out, there is the pathetic spectacle

of a score or more men drilling with enthusiasm and efficiency in a tiny drill hall, round a searchlight for which there is no motor power available on the premises. It is, perhaps, as well that strength is here less than one-third of the establishment of 642, since there is hardly enough training material for 150 men.

Near by are two old-established anti-aircraft brigades of the Royal Artillery. Again it is fortunate that strength is well below establishment, because where eight guns, four predictors and four height-finders are needed for training, there are only two guns, one predictor, and three height-finders. Material and supplies in every direction, accommodation and permanent staff are far short of requirements.

Morning Post.

And yet, as our readers will remember, two years ago Lady Houston offered £200,000 for the air defence of London, which was contemptuously refused by the National Government.

It's a Way They Have With the Navy

By Hamadryad

"Trade routes are the pulse of the Empire. If that pulse stops beating it will be the end of the Empire. In 1914 we were able to protect our trade routes; now, to put it bluntly, we cannot."

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR REGINALD Y. TYRWHITT.

The Admirals are in their graves
That helped Britannia rule the waves,
And none of those that still remain
Will see her rule the waves again.
But though the splendid days are gone
When she could take all comers on,
When Britain's meteor flag unfurled
Could trounce the navies of the world,
She'd still have ships enough, you'd think,
To guard the ocean routes that link
Her far-flung Empire with herself;
You would suppose, with all her pelf,
That she would keep unsunk, unharried,
The merchant fleets on which is carried
The food that keeps a street-bred nation
From ignominious starvation.

So you might think, but you'd be rash;
The politicians spend our cash
Freely and with the greatest ease
Upon the social services
And other things that get them votes,
But not on guns and fighting boats,
For lack of which, in days of hate,
No tightened belts will compensate,
Nor meadows tilled in haste preserve
Us from the death that we deserve.

I've often wondered what effaces
The courage and good sense of races,
Whether the ill or weak intent

Of some half-traitorous Government
Robs a strong nation of its strength,
Or if a race, grown weak at length,
All shrilling tongues and shaking nerves,
Is sent the rulers its deserves.

Who knows? But this at least we know:
Our British fleets have come so low,
So out-of-date, so void of gear,
That latterly, when war looked near,
They had, perforce, to run and hide
From the Italian in his pride.
We know, if war should come again,
The fleets that singed the beard of Spain,
And smote the French and chased the Dutch,
Will herd like rabbits in a hutch
Behind the booms that they've prepared.
That scarce a cruiser will be spared
To guard our liners and our traders
From hostile submarines and raiders.

Oh, Admiral, you well may say,
Our Navy's in decline to-day,
And so 'twill always be, my lad,
While we are League of Nations-mad,
And Bumbler Baldwin holds the reins,
Driving his team of third-class brains,
While snooty Eden's dung-hill crow
Makes every friend we had a foe,
And Britain, reft of strength and sense,
Stands for defiance, not defence.

Letters to the *Morning Post* from The Duchess of Atholl and Lady Houston

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS

Sir,—It is with regret that I feel obliged to remind my friend, Lord Queenborough, of some important points he has overlooked in his letters.

The first is the policy frankly stated by Herr Hitler in "Mein Kampf"—the policy that not only the territories lost by Germany in 1919, but any territory inhabited by people of Germanic race must be added to the German Reich; that this end can be achieved only by a victorious sword; that no sacrifice must be spared to win the friendship of Britain and Italy in order to isolate and destroy France; but that this must only be the prelude to territorial expansion in Russia.

The fact that this terrible policy appears in full in the latest German editions, and that the book has been officially pressed on the German people ever since Herr Hitler became Chancellor, makes it impossible to ignore it—all the more because the English and American versions have been so expurgated that little idea of the policy is to be gleaned from them. (A translation of the relevant extracts from the German version is given in Pamphlet No. 38 of the publications of the Friends of Europe.)

Common prudence surely, therefore, requires that we should bear this policy in mind when considering Herr Hitler's peace offers.

Moreover, does not the "Mein Kampf" policy fully explain the Franco-Soviet Pact? What more natural than that two countries so directly threatened should pledge each other mutual assistance if attacked? And we must not forget that, as shown in the Blue Book published in April (Cmd. 5143), Germany was invited to join the Pact, but refused; that the proposals were then suspended, and that negotiations on the subject were not resumed until an assurance had been given in April, 1935, that Herr Hitler would raise no objection, provided the Pact were kept separate from the Pact of non-aggression then under discussion for Eastern Europe.

INEVITABLE

How then can Lord Queenborough complain of Germany's "encirclement" on account of this Pact, or, indeed, of Russia's Pacts with Czecho-slovakia or Rumania? Are they not the inevitable result of a policy which creates an issue not merely between France and Germany, but between Germany and the rest of Europe?

I fear, therefore, I cannot agree with Lord Queenborough that, if France received assurances from Germany and Britain that there was no longer any cause of quarrel between her and Germany, that would contribute more to the peace of Europe than the Pacts above referred to.

An agreement in the West that offered no guarantee of security to the South and East of Europe might offer temptation to Herr Hitler to invade Czecho-slovakia with its German minority, and so win his way through to the Rumanian oil field, the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. In that event he might a few years hence turn back in overwhelming force on the Western Powers.

Nor, indeed, would the Pacts between France and Russia, and Russia and her neighbours, necessarily be able to prevent this. Surely, therefore, what is needed

is a League of Nations which will concentrate its efforts on providing a system of prompt and effective mutual assistance in Europe as a whole, though possibly with obligations varying according to the distance of a country or group of countries from the victim of the attack. If we cannot get such a system through a reformed League, let us have it without one.

The essential matter is to realise that the problem is one which may affect the liberties of every European country in turn, and that only a united front of mutual assistance against aggression, from whatever direction it may come, is likely to maintain peace.

KATHARINE ATHOLL.

House of Commons.

HITLER OR STALIN ?

Sir,—The Duchess of Atholl quoted what Hitler said in "Mein Kampf," but why does she not quote what Stalin has said? For the Bolshevik leaders for years past have openly declared it their aim to destroy the power of Great Britain before they can realise their ambition for Bolshevising the whole world.

England to-day is totally unable to defend herself if attacked by any other Great Power. Supposing Russia or Germany decided swiftly to wipe us out—which either of them could easily do from the air—would the Duchess rather be under the heel of Hitler or under the heel of Stalin?

LUCY HOUSTON.

UNDER WHICH HEEL ?

Sir,—In reply to Lady Houston, I would say that I cannot recall any specific public declaration of aggressive intention towards this country made by M. Stalin parallel to those made in regard to France, Russia, and practically all his neighbours by Herr Hitler in "Mein Kampf." Nor, if one was made some years ago, am I aware that it is being reprinted, as in the case of Herr Hitler's book. And though, no doubt, there is Soviet propaganda in this country, I am personally more aware of propaganda emanating from Nazi sources.

As to which dictatorial heel I should prefer to trample on me it is hard to say. But as the Nazi heel is nearer me, and likely to be of the highest possible type of workmanship, I feel it is both more likely to stamp, and, if it does, to stamp heavily.

I am therefore entirely at one with Lady Houston in her often expressed desire to see our defences strengthened, though I do not take quite so pessimistic a view as she has expressed in her letter.

KATHARINE ATHOLL.

House of Commons.

RUSSIA, FRANCE, SPAIN

Red Terror Stalks Europe

By Meriel Buchanan

THE civil war in Spain is still raging, and as the days pass, bringing no definite conclusion, the danger to Europe increases, and never, even on August 4th, 1914, have the great Nations been so menaced by destruction, never have the spectres, not only of world war but of world revolution, loomed in so threatening a manner on the horizon.

It becomes more and more evident that the struggle in Spain is a fight to the death between the forces of the Right and of the Left, and Russia's support of the Spanish Popular Front shows how deeply involved the Soviet State is in this struggle.

Communist Committees have been set up in various towns, money and funds have been sent to the Red troops; propaganda trains, decorated with the hammer and sickle, have been touring the country; Russian wireless stations have broadcast messages calling on "Our dear comrades . . . to fight fiercely . . . in the knowledge that the Proletariat of the U.S.S.R. is with you and will not let you down."

COMMUNISTS AND SOCIALISTS

It is also becoming abundantly clear that France will do what Russia commands in this struggle. With characteristic duplicity Monsieur Leon Blum has issued a declaration appealing for neutrality, while all the time the Communist Party in France is arming battalions for the support of the Red armies in Spain.

In England the Socialists continue to urge that money and provisions should be sent to help the Popular Front in Spain, and continue to extol the courage of the so-called "Loyal" troops and to heap condemnation and opprobrium on the Fascist armies. Will the National Government, which up till now has never shown any conspicuous courage or singleness of purpose, be strong enough to withstand the Socialists' demands? Will Mr. Eden receive new orders from his master Litvinoff and force Mr. Baldwin to sign an unholy alliance with Blum and Stalin?

Already we seem to be drifting nearer to this unspeakable disaster, and the granting of the new £10,000,000 credit to Russia shows only too clearly in what a friendly spirit we are prepared to meet the assassins of the Kremlin, whose word is not worth as much as the paper it is written on.

Addressing the Liberal Summer School at Oxford on August 1st, Monsieur Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador in London, stressed this recently concluded Trade Agreement as opening a new and promising chapter in the commercial



Mr. Anthony Eden greets M. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain. They have much in common.

intercourse of the two countries. At the same time Monsieur Maisky gave an ingenuous and artless description of Russia's desire for peace. It was not the fault of the U.S.S.R., he assured his listeners, that the Disarmament Conference had failed. "We hate and detest war," he added, "as the wanton cruelty and destruction of humanity."

WHAT MAISKY FORGETS

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SOVIET UNION APPARENTLY CHOOSES TO IGNORE THE FEVERISH WAY IN WHICH HIS COUNTRY HAS BEEN ARMING DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS, NOR DOES HE SEEM TO REMEMBER THE "WANTON DESTRUCTION OF HUMANITY" WHICH HAS BEEN GOING ON IN THE U.S.S.R. EVER SINCE THE REVOLUTION, A DESTRUCTION WHICH OUTVIES ALL THE TERRORS OF WAR IN ITS PITILESS, COLD-BLOODED CRUELTY AND ITS CALLOUS EXTERMINATION OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The horrors of the Russian revolution are now being repeated in Spain; Red Terror is sweeping the country, the anarchists and hooligans who have been provided with arms by the Government are spreading death and destruction, looting, burning

and killing in an orgy of violence and fanaticism. The stories of atrocities we hear from Spain are terrible. Innocent men and women dragged from their houses and brutally shot down; others burnt and buried alive; and what is the most foul, revolting, sacrilegious, bestial crime, almost unknown in the annals of civilised and even savage countries—the exhumation of the bodies of the dead and their exposure in their rotting nakedness outside the churches; even the revolution in Russia did not sink so low, and it would appear that Bolshevism seems to develop in its foul inhuman practices as time goes on.

"CRUSH FASCISM"

Soviet Russia has blatantly thrown off all pretence of neutrality and has openly and insolently

porters and sympathisers of Conservatism, Fascism, Nazism, Socialists and Communism are constantly on the brink of arguments and discussions, which, though they may begin in a friendly spirit, all too soon develop into violent recriminations. The division of public opinion which was so marked in the Italo-Abyssinian war has, if anything, become intensified. It can be heard everywhere, in buses and tubes, in public-houses and cinemas.

CANKER OF CLASS WAR

ENGLAND IS DIVIDED AGAINST HERSELF. THE PEOPLE HAVE LOST THAT SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE, THAT UNITY OF LOYAL THOUGHT WHICH HAS MADE THEM SO GREAT, SO UNBEAT-



Government troops parade through Madrid singing Red songs and giving the Communist salute. It is unsafe for the ordinary citizen to venture from his home.

announced her full sympathy and agreement with the Communist Party in Spain; and the Soviet workers in France are working to embroil that country in the same way, during which time the Labour and Socialist International and the International Federation of Trade Unions in Brussels has issued a statement calling on the working masses of the world to organise themselves and "Take the lead in a conscious anti-Fascist policy . . . to crush down Fascism by all available means and in every country."

Even in England, beneath the apparent peace of this holiday season, while the stations are crowded with families, either departing or returning from their vacations, and the roads are seething with cars and caravans and charabancs, there is an undercurrent of unrest and dissension. The sup-

ABLE IN THE PAST; THE CANKER OF CLASS WAR SO CUNNINGLY SPREAD BY THE AGENTS OF THE COMINTERN IS BEGINNING TO TAKE ROOT.

And now as never before unity is needed, now as never before the future of England depends on the loyalty and the common sense of the people. It is not the politicians who will save England from sharing the fate of Russia and Spain and the possible destiny of France, it is the people themselves who must make their choice, who, by their loyalty to the King, by their courage in resisting the forces of evil (which are Bolshevism), by integrity, and by their Patriotism and devotion to their country can save England from the fate of those countries controlled by Bolshevik principles.

Egypt: Another Surrender?

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer



A street scene in Ismailia.

THE negotiations for the treaty of alliance with Egypt are dragging their slow length along.

The British public have so far received no official statement of the progress achieved. But past experience shows that in all such negotiations since the War the British Government, having no clear policy, has allowed itself to be outmanœuvred by the other side and in the end, in order to secure some temporary show of agreement, has been pushed into extravagant concessions or humiliating surrender.

HISTORY OF SURRENDER

We need only quote the ill-fated Irish Treaty of 1921, where the points at issue closely resembled those now under discussion with Egypt; the abject climb down to so-called Chinese Nationalists directed by the Bolshevik Borodin at Hankow in 1927; the scrapping of the Simon Report of 1929 and the substitution therefor of the Round Table Conferences, which prepared the way for the Indian surrender of last year. Those who are now directing our Egyptian policy, the present and the late Prime Minister, played a prominent part in bringing about those agreements, and one has

some reason to fear that a similar sacrifice of vital British interests may be the price of an "agreement" with Egypt which may prove as futile as the short-lived Irish Treaty.

When the Egyptian Treaty was under discussion in 1930, the Socialist Government then in power was prepared to concede the Nationalist demands for the removal of the British Force from Cairo and Alexandria to the Canal zone, for its steady reduction and complete withdrawal when Egypt was, in the view of the League of Nations, able to undertake the burden of defence, and for the transfer of responsibility for internal security and the protection of foreigners (there are over 100,000 British, French, Italian, Greek and Turkish residents in Cairo and Alexandria alone) and of minorities from British to Egyptian hands. That would have given the Wafd all it wanted in Egypt; but encouraged by our weakness it went on to demand an effective share in the Sovereignty of the Sudan from which its influence had rightly been ousted in 1926 when Egyptian intrigue led to the murder of the Sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, and the mutiny of certain Sudanese battalions.

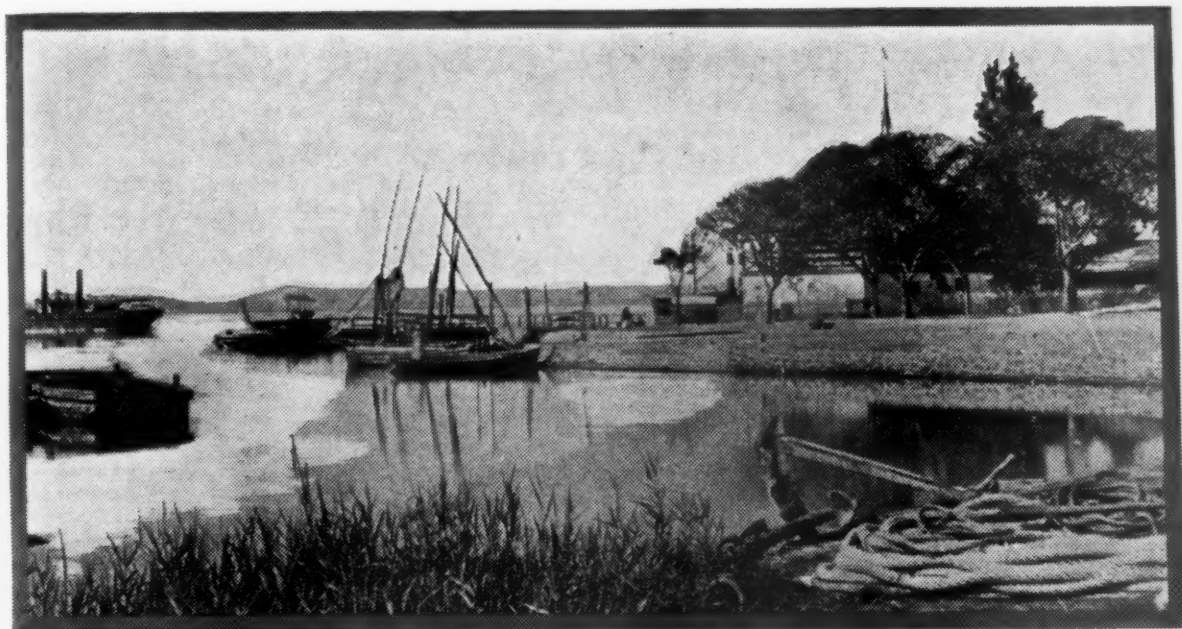
BLUFFING BRITAIN

Even a complaisant Socialist Government was not prepared to face the storm of indignation at home which a surrender in regard to the Sudan would then inevitably have caused. The discussions broke down over that point alone.

The Wafd is now in power and under its old leader, Nahas Pasha, now Premier, has been conducting the negotiations with the British delegation. Though the political situation has been completely altered since 1930 by the growth of Italian power in the Mediterranean and the conquest of Abyssinia, which placed Egypt and the Sudan between the Italian possessions of Libya and Eritrea-Abyssinia, Nahas Pasha, as foreshadowed months ago in these columns, has insisted on taking the 1930 concessions of the Socialist Government as the starting point in the present negotiations. Apparently he has again successfully bluffed our representatives over the main issue, viz., the strength and location of the British force. The well-informed Cairo correspondent of the *Morning Post*, in the issue of the 27th July, thus summarises the military claims of the agreement:—

(a) The British troops to be removed from Cairo and Alexandria to places in the Canal zone between Ismailia and Suez where barracks have been provided, the British Government paying 25 per cent. of the cost.

(b) The occupation to be limited to 20 years during which Egypt is to increase her Army, without having to consult Great Britain, and as that army increases in size and efficiency, the



The Bitter Lakes of the Suez Canal

British force to be reduced till in time it is completely withdrawn; in case of dispute the League of Nations to decide!

(c) Great Britain to have no naval base in Egypt, at Alexandria or Suez, in peace time, but in time of war may consult Egypt as to stationing her warships in Egyptian waters.

(d) Great Britain to maintain a military mission in Cairo to co-operate with the War Ministry in reorganising the new Egyptian Army and co-ordinating the work of the two Armies.

LOSS OF PRESTIGE

Of these clauses (d) is quite reasonable and in accord with the basic principle of a military alliance. But (a) involves a loss of prestige and exposes Cairo and Alexandria to risks from Communist agitations, city mobs and student bands which have so often in recent years been a danger not only to British but to all foreign residents. If, however, our Military experts think that any such situation can be met by British troops from their future quarters in the Canal zone, the concession to Egyptian *amour propre* may be justified. But (b) and (c) which contemplate that the British forces, which are essential not only to safeguard Egypt against external aggression and serious internal disturbance but to protect vital British interests and our main line of imperial communications, may be totally withdrawn after a period of 20 years and *at the behest of the League of Nations*, can hardly be taken seriously by anyone dealing in realities.

Unfortunately there is the undoubted fact that in Egypt where the terms (though not disclosed to our Parliament) are apparently well-known, the treaty has been welcomed with enthusiasm by the Nationalist Press. Nahas Pasha, on the 26th July, gloried in what he had achieved. He used these significant words:—

"The new treaty is the 1930 draft treaty. We have gained the following advantage in the event of disagreement between us and the English, viz., that the League of Nations will act as arbiter in the conflict."

Could anything be more disturbing to those who have followed the recent doings of the discredited and now almost defunct League than that in the most vital issues for the British Empire it should be constituted as the arbiter? One no longer wonders at Mr. Eden's reticence last week as to the military clauses. Great Britain pays the piper in men and money while the Wafd calls the tune.

Parliament is now prorogued for three months, and meantime the delegations will come to agreement on the other issues. According to the latest information we may expect a similar surrender as regards the Sudan, where Egyptian troops and civil officials, both heartily disliked and despised by the Sudanese—are to be reinstated to satisfy Egyptian *amour propre*, while endangering the efficient administration we alone have built up in 36 years. Egypt's legitimate influence in the Sudan is confined to her rights in the Nile irrigation.

PROTECTION OF FOREIGNERS

Then there comes the question of the protection of foreigners. Are we prepared to acquiesce in an abdication of our own obligations which would give every ambitious Mediterranean Power the excuse and the opportunity to intervene there in the interests of its own nationals?

That policy would undo all we have done in Egypt during the last half century and make the country once more the cockpit of the Mediterranean and the Near East. Fortunately there are men in both Houses of Parliament who realise the risks involved and will stand out against any surrender of vital British interests,

We Must SMASH Communism

SPAIN'S agony is due to many prior causes, but her descent into Hell was the inevitable decline from the moment she expelled her King and set up a Government which used its power before long as a means of persecution and oppression. Lying behind it all over many years past were the seeds of Bolshevism sown on fruitful soil by Lenin and Trotsky, which shows us more than ever, were proof needed, that Communism is a poison of the deadliest order, a rank weed that takes root, spreads, and destroys a nation wherever it is permitted to exist.

That truth was grasped first by Mussolini and then by Hitler, both now leaders of great countries which were in the throes of a Communist control, backed by Muscovite intrigues and funds, and in both cases the genius and courage and patriotism of those leaders brought them to the fore, and enabled them to eradicate the danger and purify their nations by the strongest measures.

To-day those two great powers can regard with considerable equanimity the desperate and unsettled condition of the rest of Europe. They are strong, patriotic, and prepared for all emergencies, while the remainder are more or less in the grip of the Bolshevik menace and are trembling for their safety.

HYDRA-HEADED MONSTER

France, marked down by Moscow as the next State to fall into the hands of Bolshevism, and the headquarters of Stalin's sinister plotters in the west, has a Government under M. Blum which is Communist in all but name. As a result capital is fleeing from the country, the Army and Navy are said to be no longer reliable, and patriotic Frenchmen are beginning to suffer persecution and repression. **In other words the creed of Communism is going along its appointed way to the ruin of France unless some leader arises who can unite all the patriotic forces and destroy the hydra-headed monster. Unhappily this is unlikely to be achieved without bloodshed, for the admission of Communism always entails a severe operation on the body politic.**

In the present situation, therefore, the position of Great Britain is necessarily one of the gravest anxiety because the Government have so deplorably bungled her diplomacy that we are in fact estranged from the Germans and Italians, and by a series of unfortunate actions are tied to the Powers which are Communistic, with the result that if a war should break out in Europe our allies, if we are drawn in, will prove a sorry support. For no one in their senses can ever believe that the Russian Government would fight, for her metier is that of the *agent provocateur* by using the gold

By . . KIM

she borrows or steals (our pro-Bolshevik Government have just lent her ten millions of tax-payers' money at the tail-end of the session when it was too late for Conservatives to protest) and then leaving her allies in the lurch. Nor can anyone doubt that France under the existing *régime* is unlikely to pull her weight.

Besides all this, no one can deny that Communism is becoming firmly rooted in this country. It is all very well for the Socialist Party to pretend to ban the Communists as such, but the label is not what matters, and the Socialists themselves are for all practical purposes Bolshevik. They may or may not take Moscow's subsidies, but they play Moscow's game. They tried to draw us into a war with Italy, using the League of Nations as a pretext, but really because the divisions of Europe to-day are Nationalism *versus* Internationalism, and their entire outlook is the latter, leading to revolution, murder and pillage.

THIN DIVIDING LINE

In the present civil war in Spain two at least of the Trade Unions, affiliated to the unpatriotic Labour movement, have sent contributions to the Communist Government, which, had the Socialists a glimmer of the "comradeship" they boast, or the least sense of humanitarianism, would have been stopped at the source. Socialism and Communism in this country have so thin a dividing line as to be not visible, and the present Government of Mr. Baldwin keep their eyes much more aslant towards the Socialists than to the Conservatives who put them where they are.

It must seem to anyone who looks at the situation now fast developing in Europe that the present Government can only move in two directions. One is towards the right, turning to Germany and Italy (whose partnership is now evident) and in consequence taking the strongest steps to destroy Communism under whatever name it calls itself; or, if it has to stand aloof, to build up its armaments on a tremendous scale instead of the leisurely movements of the Baldwinite Government. It cannot mark time and trust to luck. Mr. Winston Churchill and a strong deputation have placed the true facts before Mr. Baldwin—who should not



MASSACRE OF THE PATRIOTS

The scene inside Montana Barracks, Madrid, after Government troops had "successfully stormed them."

have needed to be told—but anyone who believes it will make a shadow of difference to that obstinate old gentleman, the friend of Ramsay MacDonald, is truly an optimist.

THE PLAIN DUTY OF THE CONSERVATIVES WAS TO HAVE DEPOSED MR. BALDWIN. THEY FUNKED IT.

The situation in Spain looks as though the so-called "rebels," but really the patriots, will win and overthrow the Communists. There will be a day of reckoning for those savage and cruel hordes who have not merely murdered but have deliberately tortured their victims, raped nuns and then burnt them alive, and perpetrated the ghastliest atrocities against humanity. These are to be expected when the forces of the Anti-Christ are in the ascendant, egged on and paid for by the world-assassins in Moscow. **If the forces of Christianity years ago had combined to fight a holy war against Lenin and all his works the world today would be a happier one for all.**

FRANCE AIDS REDS

The dangers of a complication in Spain are very apparent. The French Government, whose sympathies are with the Communist murderers and torturers, began the difficulties by agreeing to supply them with bombing planes, and despite denials these are believed to have been despatched. Italy, it would seem, retaliated by sending planes to assist Gen. Franco, the Spanish national leader, and the French Government then, in a true Communist spirit, protest against this aid to the "rebels" and ask the nations of Europe to remain neutral, though explicitly not observing the same golden rule themselves.

If France aids the Communists of Spain, Italy and Germany will properly support the anti-Communists, and since Russia lies behind the whole nefarious business and is even now issuing broadcasts to her Spanish "comrades," and is moving Hell to see any steps taken to keep Spain in the hands of her dupes, who can complain if Mussolini and Hitler also help to defeat the Communistic peril?

ENGLAND'S POLICY

What is Britain's rôle in this crisis? To keep clear of it all. The great bulk of the population of Great Britain hates Communism, and the account of the atrocities perpetrated by the Spanish Reds has thrown their sympathies definitely into the scale against the dictators under the orders of Moscow. Any action by the Baldwin Government which leans towards the existing Government will be violently resented, and perhaps it appreciates that much. But as an outcome of the civil war when Spain sets up, as she will do, a Nationalist Government, perhaps under a monarchy, we shall find yet another Fascist Government threatening the existence of all those who harbour or tolerate Communism. We may well find Spain linked with Italy and Germany against France. What is our answer to this? It is to clean up Britain, proscribe Communism, arm to the hilt in the shortest time, and cut adrift as far as possible from European complications.

BUT TO PRESERVE PEACE AND MAINTAIN OUR INDEPENDENCE WE MUST BE STRONG BY AIR, SEA, AND LAND. THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTEMPLATE UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.

Politics and the Navy

By Periscope

THE so-called National Government have given earnest of two things. In the first place they have proved themselves to be worthy of being regarded as the whitest of sepulchres by the public. In the second place they have gone about their duty in such a topsy-turvy (it would be called "arsey-tarsey" in the Navy) manner as to make people wonder whether office is held by oriental potentates.

In the last fortnight there has been fresh evidence of this.

The country—or that part of it which remains uninfected by Mr. Anthony Eden and wishes to see its homeland secured against all comers—has been spoon-fed with a large naval building programme. We are asked to believe that everything is all right in the best of all possible worlds—under the divine direction of Sir Thomas Inskip. What is more, we are asked to believe that everything possible is being done to accelerate the pace of rearmament, so that we shall achieve security before Nemesis breaks over our defenceless heads.

And then . . . Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty is at pains to announce the placing of contracts for the building of two battleships.

BLUFFING THE PUBLIC

Even this announcement was attended with an apologia. Sir Samuel Hoare, instead of playing the part of a strong minister in a strong government, was at pains to excuse the announcement at so early a date. There was much shilly-shallying about prices—as if price mattered when lives are at stake.

But there is more in this announcement of the contracts for the building of battleships than meets the eye. There is ample evidence that this announcement is nothing but a blind—to send the public away with a false sense of security while the Ministers and Parliament take themselves off for an unearned holiday.

In the first place there is no reason why the contracts for these battleships should be issued at such an early date, since, in view of the Government's declared policy of abiding by moribund treaties, the keels of these ships cannot be laid until next January. All the talk of making things ready so that there shall be no delay in the building of these ships once laid down is, so far as these main contracts are concerned, mere eyewash. Contracts for guns, gun-mountings, armour plate, and the rest of it, can be placed without being shouted from the housetops. These contracts have, in fact, actually been placed. Sir Samuel Hoare said as much when he introduced the last Supplementary Estimate for the Navy.

In announcing the contracts for these two battleships Sir Samuel Hoare was careful to point out

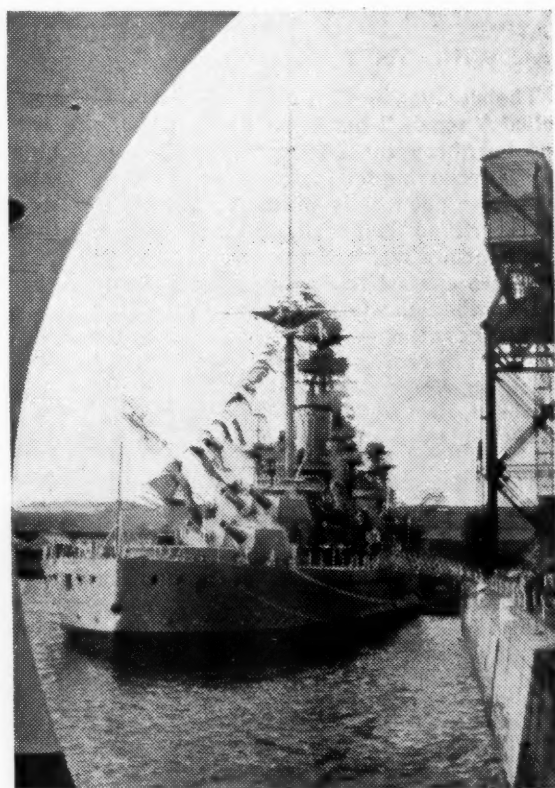
that the keels could not be laid until next year. That, to those familiar with the idiotic naval treaties by which our Government has been bound, is obvious. **BUT THE BUILDING PROGRAMME FOR THIS YEAR ALSO INCLUDED SEVEN CRUISERS AND EIGHTEEN DESTROYERS AS WELL AS OTHER CRAFT . . .** Every one of these ships can be laid down during the current year. Money has already been voted for the majority of the units concerned.

WHERE ARE THESE CONTRACTS?

They have not been issued. One can only ask why. On the evidence it must appear that the Government, through the person of the First Lord of the Admiralty, is drawing a red herring across the progress of naval rearmament.

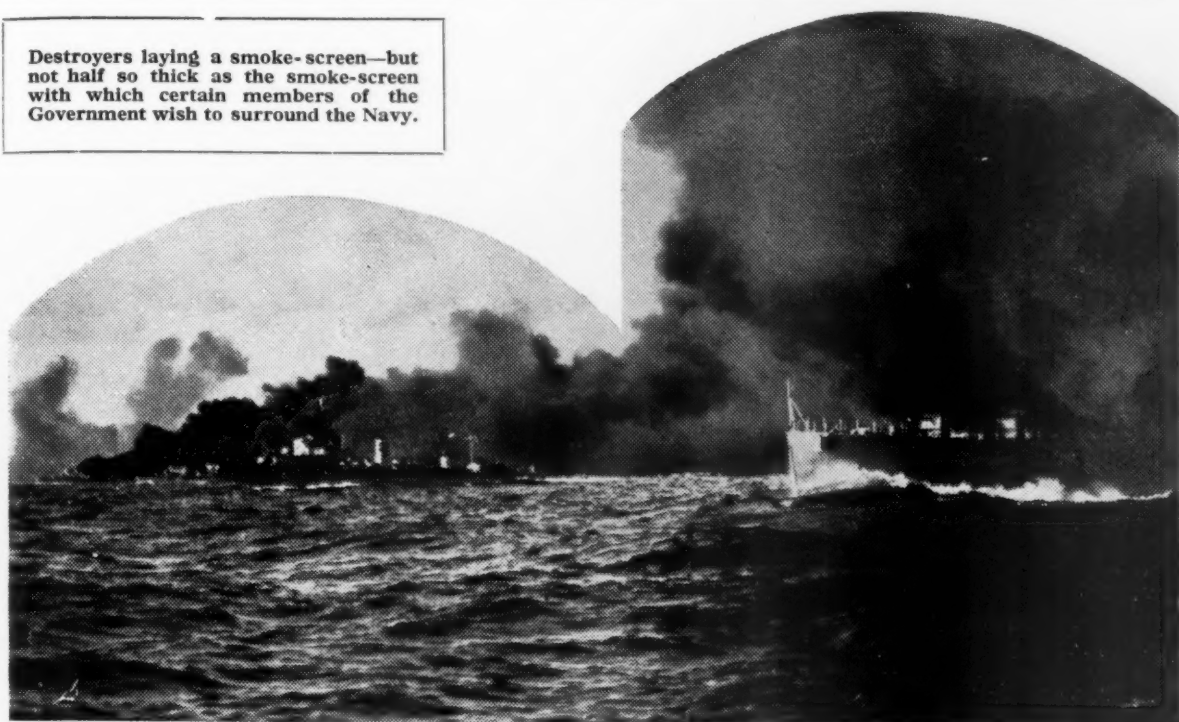
UNPROTECTED TRADE ROUTES

Ministers do not hesitate to declare that the chief danger to the British Empire, from the naval point of view, is the threat to the vital trade routes—trade routes which, upon their own admission as well as that of high officers of the Navy whose duty it is to study this question in all its aspects, we are not at present in a position to protect.



H.M.S. Royal Sovereign, set in the sweeping curved bows of aircraft carrier Eagle during Navy Week.

Destroyers laying a smoke-screen—but not half so thick as the smoke-screen with which certain members of the Government wish to surround the Navy.



"If our trade routes are cut we starve." That has been the universal refrain for months past. The British public heaved a sigh of relief that, at least, this one truth was realised in Whitehall. It heaved another sigh of relief when it found that the building programme for this year provided for the construction of seven cruisers and eighteen destroyers.

But was this sigh of relief premature? It appears that it must have been. Here is the Government making much ado about the placing of contracts for ships which cannot even be begun until next year, while **no mention whatever is made of contracts for the building of these more essential ships which can be begun at once.**

WEAKER AND WEAKER

Perhaps the announcement of the contracts for the building of cruisers was purposely postponed because the Government wished to avoid awkward questions about the five cruisers of the "C" class which they propose to scrap. According to the unilateral sanctimonious view adopted by the British Government these five ships will have to be disposed of before the end of this year despite the fact that the Empire is woefully short of cruisers.

Now the "rules for disposal of warships" laid down in the London Naval Treaty of 1930—the document which bears the autographs of the major enemies of the Empire—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. A. V. Alexander, and that dangerous visionary, Mr. Arthur Henderson—are very comprehensive. They provide for the removal of all guns and gun mountings, or all torpedo tubes and their mountings, of fighting tops, of all armour, and of the main propelling machinery of the ships.

To comply with such comprehensive rules must take time, particularly when the dockyards are busy with overdue repairs and with refits which, had it not been for the Mediterranean idiocy,

would have been completed months ago. It is certain that, if these rules are to be complied with without serious interference with constructive work in the dockyards, these ill-fated "C" class cruisers will have to be taken in hand for "Demilitarisation" before the end of October.

RUNNING AWAY

What does this mean? There has already been something of a scene and many awkward questions in the House of Commons about the scrapping of these ships. Parliament has gone on holiday and will not meet again until the process of ruining these ships is well under way. In other words, any further questions, however awkward they may be, can be faced with the simple *fait accompli*.

Is this why the question of cruiser contracts was studiously avoided while battleship contracts of lesser importance were discussed? One is forced to think so, for the evidence is overwhelming. Not only are ships likely to be scrapped behind the back of Parliament, but the contracts for new and urgently needed ships are, apparently, being postponed for fear of drawing the attention of importunate back-benchers to the ships to be scrapped.

IN OTHER WORDS, THE ESSENTIAL NAVAL REARMAMENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE HAS BECOME A TARRADIDDLE IN BALDWIN'S POLITICAL GAME.

And still we labour under the threat of starvation. This was made clear yet again by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, when he opened Navy Week at Portsmouth. "The trade routes of the Empire are the pulse of the Empire. If the pulse stops the Empire comes to an end. We starve. . . . We have not sufficient cruisers for the defence of our vital trade routes."

A MAN has spoken. Let MEN listen.

OUR DAILY BREAD

By Robert Machray

IT would have been a positive relief to turn from the depressing situation presented by distracted Europe to the subject of this article if the wheat situation had not also undergone such a marked deterioration as to constitute a new threat to the world, particularly to England. Yet only two months ago it would have been impossible to speak of wheat in this way, for at that time there seemed to be plenty of it to go round—and more, as there actually was a considerable “carry-over” from the years of super-abundant harvests; consequently prices ruled low, and our daily bread was cheap.

Most of the surplus grain was stored in Canada. On May 30 last an article, entitled “Starved into Submission,” appeared in the *Saturday Review* advocating a plan for our Government making use of the Canadian surplus to anticipate a dearth of wheat, the main foodstuff of our people, in time of war. That surplus then exceeded 200 million bushels, and there was nothing unreasonable or that was not feasible about the scheme. **But it could not be carried out to-day, because most of the surplus is no longer available and it may soon be the same with the remainder, if no improvement takes place.**

During the session of Parliament which terminated last week questions were put and speeches made on supplies of food in these islands during wartime, but nothing of practical value emerged. If the dreadful time in the Great War was recalled when famine came into view, there was also in the minds of those taking part in the discussion the comforting thought that anyhow there was a big surplus of wheat in existence. No one seriously considered the possibility that conditions might totally change and the surplus virtually disappear with disastrous rapidity. This, however, is precisely what has occurred.

U.S.A. MUST IMPORT

Therefore the solution of the problem of our food-defence is more urgently necessary than ever, but it will be far more difficult now, if possible at all. A succession of droughts, some lasting week after week, in various parts of the globe, more especially in the Middle West of the United States and in the adjoining southern areas of the prairie provinces of Canada, has produced a grave world wheat situation. Complete statistics cannot of course yet be got, but those published authoritatively of the crop in North America so far are lamentable. Over vast stretches of the American wheat belt even the very soil itself has been destroyed. The United States must be a large importer of wheat, instead of an exporter, as it used to be.

It was the enormous American crop of 1933, coming after other big crops, that made a huge carry-over of wheat appear almost as something permanent, and all sorts of expedients were tried

to make it less. Nature herself took a hand in the game. Owing to drought the crops of 1934 and 1935 in the United States were on a much smaller scale; that of 1934 was so short that heavy inroads were made into the surplus, and the same was still more the case last year when the surplus was used up altogether, and wheat had to be purchased in Canada. This year very much more is certain to be bought by the Americans, because the shortage of wheat is accompanied by a shortage of maize, as well as other cereals.

NATURE UPSETS A THEORY

A good deal turns on the crop of those other great wheat-growing and generally big wheat-exporting countries, Australia and Argentina, the state of which will be undecided till later in the wheat-year. At one time the idea was prevalent that when there was a shortage of wheat in the Northern Hemisphere there was sure to be a compensatory surplus in the Southern, but experience showed this nice balance was not to be counted on. If the Australian and Argentine crop should be short, the situation will indeed be very grave, and probably upset calculations in other directions.

So far as can be learnt, the European crop will be rather more insufficient than usual to meet requirements, which means that Europe will have to import more wheat this year than last. Russia is a doubtful factor; once she was a big exporter, and may be so again, but reliable figures respecting her production are hard to obtain. If she thinks war is probable she will keep all her grain, as will some other countries for the same reason.

News of the wheat crop in Britain is decidedly mixed, but there is a prospect of a “moderate outturn.” Even a bumper harvest is never nearly large enough to supply the wheat needed for our daily bread. As England is the world’s biggest importer, the scarcity or plentifulness of wheat is a very important matter to us all. In this country the bread we eat is made of wheat, but we are so accustomed to getting it as we want it, and with such automatic delivery, that we never think of wheat at all unless there is a rise in the price of the loaf.

At the beginning of June standard grade flour was 27s. the sack of 280 lbs.; at the beginning of this month of August the price was 32s. 6d., and nearly all of this advance took place in July, a rise of 2s. occurring last week, when there could no longer be any doubt respecting the shortage on the other side of the Atlantic. There have been scenes of tremendous excitement in the Winnipeg and Chicago markets as the price of wheat shot up and up, and reactions have been brief; London and Liverpool markets have responded, as was inevitable. **OUR DAILY BREAD IS GOING TO COST US MORE, PROBABLY MUCH MORE, WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.**

Bishops and the Bible

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.M.G., C.B.E.

THAT body of persons (peculiar to England) who so desperately desire to bolster up the discredited cause of the League of Nations by a misuse of the Christian religions have recently received a shrewd blow from Sir Maurice Jenks, late Lord Mayor of London.

Yet another Bishop—Fulham, this time—chose to air his international views in the not inhospitable columns of a newspaper supporting the Government, and in the process of so doing this clerical dignitary committed himself to the following extraordinary statement:

"That God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth is a truth we cannot neglect. The growth of nationalism attacks this truth and inevitably leads to the world being regarded as a collection of independent units, whereas it is a single organism of which it is profoundly true that if one member suffers all the members suffer with it. The League of Nations, because it recognises this, is the most realistic human institution of our time."

One has on various occasions been informed by various cranks that nationalism is a crime against the Almighty, but one had expected a Bishop to know his Bible better. The Christian churches have ever regarded the Old Testament as an inspired book, and the Old Testament definitely states that God imposed nationalism on the earth because its people behaved in so tiresome and mischievous a fashion when they were not so divided.

The Tower of Babel

Now if the Bishops, and Christians in general, accept the doctrine of the Divine inspiration of the Biblical writers they cannot pick and choose as to incident. The belief in Divine inspiration does not admit of the possibility of an occasional mistake. If the Bible is inspired, *all* its statements must be accepted. If it is not inspired, it has no particular authority to offer either to the League of Nations or to any other body of men.

To the Bishop and those who agree with him, Sir Maurice Jenks offered an unanswerable refutation, saying, "I would respectfully refer his Lordship to verses 1-9 of the eleventh chapter of the Book of Genesis, which (slightly condensed) read as follows: 'And the whole earth was of one language and one speech. And they said one to another, Let us build a city and a tower whose top may reach unto Heaven. And the Lord came down to see the city and tower which the children of men builded. And the Lord said, behold the people is one and they have all one language. And this they begin to do and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined

to do. Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth and they left off to build the city. Therefore is the name of it called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.'"

Whence the supporters of the League of Nations obtain their authority for the statement that nationalism is an evil, I do not know, but one can be quite certain that they will shortsightedly attack the just comparison of Babel and Geneva, and will endeavour to shirk the logical problem of their belief or non-belief in the inspiration of the Bible by the irrelevant statement that the Book of Genesis is a collection of legends.

Shallow Thinkers

The supporters of the League of Nations are—obviously and inevitably—shallow thinkers and do not pause to reflect that if the Bible can claim any authority at all even its legends must be true *in spirit*. If to attribute the birth of the nations to God is false, then there is no reason for accepting as spiritually true any other suggestion or statement made by the Biblical writers.

Similarly, when one says, "On the famous occasion of the mutiny in Heaven the Archangel Michael did not call a peace conference but went to war," a dozen thoughtless persons will cry, "Oh, but that is an allegory." Of course it is! But an allegory is a story which depicts a spiritual truth, and it would not be spiritually true to depict an angel as performing an evil deed. A saint could not, for instance, depict an archangel as performing acts of theft or adultery. Therefore, if a saint depicts an archangel as going to war, war cannot be an essentially evil act.

But reason, or any sort of intelligent appreciation, is beyond the supporters of the League of Nations—or how could the Bishop describe the League as a "realistic" institution? Word by word and step by step it is easy enough and simple enough to confute and confound their every asseveration, but it is preposterous that the foreign policy of the country should be influenced by persons of such little wit. Let them be recognised at once for what they are.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Under Which Flag— —or Decency and Orderlin

DIPLOMATS who are patriots have long agreed that Britain is now facing a vital choice—will she line up with Germany and Italy or be fooled into a pact with Russia?

In Britain there are still many amiable persons, bred in the loose unthinking tradition of the comfortable nineteenth century, who express a general preference for Russia.

Can such people have given any thought to what is happening before their dull eyes!

Let them look back first and see what the Soviet régime did to Russia itself.

THE RÉGIME BEGAN WITH A HOLOCAUST OF SLAUGHTER AND THE MURDER OF THE TSAR AND HIS INNOCENT FAMILY—A DEBAUCHERY OF BUTCHERY WHICH MADE THE HORRORS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION SEEM MILD BY COMPARISON.

There followed a terrible time when religious and family life were literally put to the sword.

Priests were slain and tortured. Religious women were defamed.

The marriage vow was abolished. The sanctity of woman gave place to a system of free living which was the very negation of the morality and chastity of Christendom.

Civilisation went down before a tide of licentiousness.

The workers were treated not as beasts, for the lives of beasts are valuable. They were killed in millions to enforce the uneconomic agricultural and industrial schemes of their Communist masters—those schemes which, after all the tyranny and slaughter they have never abandoned.

With what result? As even minds favourable to the Soviet have testified, the result has not been a country organised for comfort and prosperity. Even with the much boasted advances that the Soviet claims to have made, Russia remains a country backward, desolated and deeply unhappy.

What happened to Russia is happening now to Spain.

Even the staid *Times* has reported from that unhappy country atrocities as bad as anything we know of excesses in history.

By . . .

“HISTORICUS”

From all hands come accounts of nuns shamed, priests murdered, citizens who happen to be anti-Red taken in batches of seven and shot out of hand.

IS THIS THE KIND OF GOVERNMENT WHICH BRITONS DESIRE TO SEE IN THEIR OWN LAND?

We know that Russia has many sympathisers in high places. We know that the Soviet has just been granted a credit of £10,000,000 by our Government, although the many hundreds of her British creditors cannot get satisfaction for old debts.

We know that Anthony Eden has from the first been the dear friend of Litvinoff, which means that he has been the tool and mouth-piece of the Russian section in the Cabinet.

But politicians are a race apart. What we do not know is why Eden has wooed Litvinoff, although we know why Litvinoff has flattered Eden! We do not know what secret bargains passed between the wily old Jew and the ambitious young Englishman at the Conference Table and in the lobbies of Geneva. We do not know the diplomatic price promised or paid for by English money.

But we do know that when the normal Englishman and Englishwoman looks impartially at Russia and Germany there can only be one choice of allegiance.

Russia, drenched in blood, guilty of the most foul crimes, the destroyer of all religions, the apostle of disruption and class hatred. Germany, a nation disciplined and organised for its people's betterment, preaching a cult of mental and physical fitness that has had no equal since the days of Greece, when every youth and maiden was an

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athlete and a scholar. Russia the destroyer—Germany the builder. Russia the foe of Christendom—Germany exalting again the ideal of the family upon which Christendom was built and lives.

How can there be a choice between two such contrasted ideals? Russia stands for everything which Britain abhors. Those who adulate her, Eden not least, are traitors to the very traditions on which their own lives depend.

There must be no mistake about this — **RUSSIA SHALL NOT SET BRITAIN INTO ANTAGONISM AGAINST GERMANY.** She has used Eden as a catspaw because the avowed aim of Moscow is to reduce Britain to the same horrors as those which destroyed Russia itself and is now destroying Spain.

The Empire has always been the *bête noire* of the Soviet. The Imperial possessions, including Russia's old object India, have always been the envy of the Bolsheviks.

If the Empire could be disrupted, Russia could glut herself on the loot. She could dominate Europe and the East.

That is how the Russian mind works. But the rise of Hitler and Mussolini have disturbed the dream. These forceful and strongly armed men will not tolerate a spreading Bolshevism.

MACDONALD, UNDER RUSSIAN INFLUENCE, REDUCED BRITAIN TO MILITARY IMPOTENCE. BETWEEN US AND DISOLUTION NOW IS ONLY THE FRIENDSHIP AND COMRADESHIP OF THE TWO GREAT ANTI-BOLSHEVIST STATES,



EXPULSED! Red militia marching nuns away from a convent. The Reds are conducting a bitter campaign against religious orders.

GERMANY AND ITALY, WHICH EDEN HAS DONE HIS BEST TO BREAK.

That, above all else, is why there is but one choice for Britain, and that is why those who talk airily of preferring Russia talk of suicidal madness.

Britain's place is with Hitler and Mussolini and against Stalin—and if our statesmen do not effect that alignment, Britain must deal with them.

THEY WILL BE TRAITORS TO THEIR TRUST AND THE BETRAYERS OF THEIR RACE. FOR TREACHERY AND BETRAYAL THERE IS BUT ONE ADEQUATE PENALTY.

RACING

A Great Stayer

By David Learmonth

I DISCOVERED last week that there was one great advantage in being a working man and not being able to do everything I wanted to. It made it impossible to go to Goodwood on any day except Thursday, which was the only day it did not rain.

Goodwood, consequently, is still "Glorious" to me, though it can scarcely be so to those whom I will style derisively as "more fortunate."

A distinct fancy for Rosemary's Pet, who proceeded to win at five to one, added greatly to my enjoyment by giving me the comfortable feeling that my afternoon would be free. After that I steered clear of mercenary matters and devoted myself solely to recreation.

Rosemary's Pet, incidentally, is an excellent example of horses for courses. He seems to love Goodwood, and I should estimate is seven pounds better there than anywhere else. He is a grand sort of sprinter to look at, and he looked even grander to me as he passed the post in front.

The Goodwood Cup

The main event was, of course, the Goodwood Cup. I always think this the most delightful long distance race in England to watch; though I confess that on this occasion I sadly muddled things and did not deserve to see the race at all. Nevertheless, I did see it very well indeed, though not until I had experienced considerable anxiety.

My brother and I, after telling each other repeatedly that we ought to get a place on the top of the stand in good time, spent so long in looking over the runners that the stand was packed by the time we arrived. We had clambered half way up the stairs to the top balcony when a shout went up to the effect that there was no more room. So there we were, unable to move forward or back with a pretty view of concrete in front of us.

However, we did manage to worm our way down to the lower tier and, edging into a gangway, saw very well.

When two good horses run and one of them wins, the other, so I have always understood, is bound to get beaten. This is what happened to Quashed. After the race, the wish being father to the thought, many people began to make excuses for her and to harp upon the hard race she had at Ascot. Some even went so far as to say they had not thought she was looking very well in the paddock.

The Ascot race may or may not have affected Quashed. It is quite impossible to tell, though I do not think Leader would have run her had she not been going well at home. As for saying that she did not look well in the paddock, nothing could be further than the truth. She looked as well as it is possible for a well trained filly to look, in perfect health and fit to run for her life. I saw her

immediately after the race, when she showed no signs of undue distress, but merely those one would normally expect after competing in a race over two miles and five furlongs.

The truth is that Cecil, now apparently a reformed character, is a better race-horse over a long distance than Quashed, and I am convinced that Sir Abe Bailey's brown, in the form he was in at Goodwood, would beat Quashed any time they met. I am further convinced that he is the best stayer in England, and probably the best stayer we have produced for some years.

Naturally everyone was sorry to see Quashed beaten; but I should have been just as sorry to see Cecil beaten. On past form he was entitled to be regarded as the better horse, and I fancy that only memories of the bad old days when he was not reliable prevented him from starting favourite.

I wonder whether he would now go for any other jockey than Weston? I doubt anyhow if he will ever be asked to. It was not until Weston began to ride him that the horse deigned to show what he could do; then came a great performance in the Newbury Autumn Cup, when Weston kept Cecil for a last minute run and rushed him past the post before he knew he was there.

He adopts different tactics now, and at Goodwood came to the front with a clear lead of some lengths about six furlongs from home, defying the others to catch him. They never looked like doing so, not even the lazy Enfield, who requires a jockey fully as fit as himself, yet who closed the gap considerably to be second.

A Disappointed Owner

I have seldom seen a man look so disappointed as Lord Stanley did after the race, which is not so very surprising, for no owner who is really fond of horses—and a great many are not—would care to see so good and so game a filly beaten.

The racing was universally good. The first one provided a dead heat, while the Foxhall Stakes, which came fourth on the card, must have been decided by one of the shortest short heads on record. A few yards from the post The Hour looked a very tired horse and seemed to be stopping; but he ran as straight as a die and, when E. Smith sat down and rode him with his hands, he responded nobly and just pulled out that little extra which gave him the race. The first, second and third favourites finished in that order in this race, and the last race was won by a head also.

A high opinion of one's knowledge can often be a dangerous thing. My brother would have backed the tote double if both he and I had not thought Pegasus looked wretched in the paddock. He won by a couple of lengths in the style a favourite should, and is yet another horse who seems to prefer Goodwood to any other course.

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Tiny Warrior

By Dan Russell

THE ragged hawthorn hedge ran straight as a gun-barrel across the little valley. Long years ago there had been a line of iron railings where the hedge now stood, but the birds, perching on the rails, had dropped seeds which had taken root so that now, when the railings had long since vanished, this naturally sown hedge still divided the valley pasture.

The twigs were still leafless, but the swelling buds gave promise of the greenery that was soon to be. Pale primroses flowered about the hedge roots and green tendrils of bindweed embraced the strong boughs of blackthorn. From the blue vault of the sky a lark trilled his joyous song.

Suddenly, from the grasses beneath the hedge came a thin, needle-point of sound. A cry so shrill and small that it was lost as soon as it was uttered. The grasses parted and a tiny, mouse-like creature ran up the hedge-bank and halted in the warm sunshine.

It was a shrew, wee and elegant. His eyes were black pin-heads. His coat was of velvety fur, soft and mole-like, brown above and greyish yellow below. His snout was very long, mobile and pointed. From tip to tail he was just over three inches long.

He sat basking in the sunshine. Then he reared on to his haunches and began to wash his face with tiny paws. So well did he blend with his surroundings that when he was still he was almost impossible to distinguish, only his brilliant, sloe-black eyes betrayed him. After he had washed his face he groomed his velvet coat until he was elegant and *point-device*.

The Worm's Turn

He halted his toilet abruptly and came down on to all four feet. His long snout worked furiously. He cocked his head on one side to listen. Then, very stealthily, he crept forward. Step by step he advanced and then stood braced and ready.

Six inches in front of him a few grains of earth moved as though they were being disturbed from beneath. The shrew sprang forward and buried his long snout in the ground. A worm was working there and his delicate sense of hearing had detected it. He secured his hold and then began a titanic struggle. The shrew stood with all four feet braced in a mighty effort to heave. The worm twisted and wriggled as it sought to withdraw into the earth. But the little fury which hung on was too strong for it.

Slowly the shrew drew his prey from the ground until it lay writhing among the grasses. He flung himself on it like a little tiger, biting and tearing in an insane fury of rage. He ripped and tore the squirming worm as though it were his deadliest enemy. That is the way of the shrews. For their size they are the most bloodthirsty and ferocious little creatures and love nothing better than using their sharp teeth on a living victim.

After a time his fury seemed to expend itself and he began to eat. He had a surprisingly large appetite for so tiny an animal. He had to eat every two hours or he would die. Such was his peculiar internal economy that if his stomach was not constantly supplied with food he succumbed. Hence his never ending prow for worms.

When he had finished there were only a few fragments left. The shrew immediately set off to find more food. He was a slave to his stomach. No sooner was one meal done than he had to seek another. And no matter how soon he found it he was ravenously hungry.

He was moving between the forest of grasses when a high, metallic squeal came to him. He halted and stiffened in his tracks. Again came that shrill, challenging cry. The shrew's eyes gleamed with fury as he answered the challenge. His wiry tail twitched and he dashed forward in the direction of the sound which so infuriated him.

Mortal Combat

Through the grasses he dashed like a diminutive racehorse. He came to a space where the grass grew thinly and there he saw his enemy awaiting him, another shrew as angry as himself. It is a strange thing that whenever two shrews meet they fight, and that fight is not done until one lies dead.

Without a moment's hesitation they drove at each other like two little tigers and came to grips. So fierce was their charge that they rolled over and over locked in a furious embrace. Squeaking and grunting they fought venomously. The fur along their backbones bristled with anger. Their sharp claws raked sides and belly, seeking to disembowel. Each of them was feeling with his jaws for the deadly throat hold which would bring the fight to a swift close.

Round and round that open patch they fought, heedless of the din they made. Now one would be on top and then the other. Both of them were smeared with blood, but not for one second did the fury of their combat slacken. And all the while they uttered their, shrill, metallic cries.

But, all at once the shrew who had lately fed got the hold for which he had been trying. His gleaming teeth sank in beneath the other's muzzle. Deeper and deeper into the soft throat he bit until the red blood spurted. The struggles of his opponent grew weaker. . . .

He relaxed his hold at last and staggered to his feet. And as he did so a shadow drifted down the hedge. So intent was the shrew upon his victim that he did not see or hear the kestrel. Only when the sharp talons closed round him did he give one squeak of fear. And then he died.

The hawk rose into the air and clutched in her talons were two tiny corpses. The little warrior of the hedge had not lived long to taste the sweets of victory.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

Novels to Read

By the Literary Critic

LADY ELEANOR SMITH in her new book "Portrait of a Lady" (Hutchinson) has resisted what must have been a strong temptation to give us another vivid picture of the circus life she loves and knows so intimately.

The circus does come into the story, but only as a minor episode in the career of the Victorian heroine who is successively governess, actress and Marchioness. The Victorian background is painted in with a piquancy and skill that is truly admirable.

The characterisation and descriptive power ensure that this will be another "best-seller," even if, as a story, it does not possess quite the merits of "Tzigane."

"Rising Tide," by Elisabeth Fen (Macmillan), throws a lurid light on the struggles and sufferings of a middle-class family in a South Russian town during the period when Whites and Bolsheviks were battling for supremacy and the ordinary civilian's main pre-occupation was dodging death from bullets or starvation.

Mr. Dudley Carew has given us plenty of rather queer temperament and some really splendid cricket scenes in his "Son of Grief" (Arthur Barker). It is an interesting and very readable story, even if its psychology at times is a little obscure.

A light-hearted, attractive story of modern journalism is Mr. Edgar Holt's "It's All Arranged" (Melrose).

Adventure and Crime

Those who like a spirited naval yarn—after the old Marryat manner—in which there is no lack of action, with pirates and gun-runners in the offing, and in which there is more than a spice of romance, will enjoy reading Mr. Alan Hillgarth's "Davy Jones" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson).

For exciting adventure it is hard to beat one of Mr. Valentine Williams' Clubfoot books, and his latest novel in this series, "The Spider's Touch" (Hodder and Stoughton), is fully up to the usual sample.

Mr. Francis Gerard is an adept at writing the crime adventure drama in which crooks and gunmen, Scotland Yard detectives and lovely ladies form the cast and in which every chapter discloses some new exciting development. "Concrete Castle" and "Number 1-2-3" (both published by Rich & Cowan at 3s. 6d. each) are his two latest books.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's "Ask Miss Mott" (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) comprises a number of episodes in which the niece of a Scotland Yard Superintendent is, in the course of her work as a Private Enquiry Agent, alternately being captured by or rescued from the aristocratic leader of a criminal gang.

"A.B.C.'s Test Case," by "Ephesian" (Jarrolds), introduces a somewhat novel note into crime detection fiction, the use of the psycho-analyst's "Word Test."

Though there is no crime to be solved in it, "Forward from Youth," by L. A. Pavey (Grayson), provides a psychological mystery that is set out in a manner calculated to keep the reader thoroughly interested in the solution.

With an unpopular miser as his "corpse" Mr. Laurence W. Meynell manages to provide quite a number of obvious suspects to keep his reader guessing before he finally discloses what really happened "On the Night of the 18th" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson).

Mr. Carlton Dawe's hero Leathermouth makes his reappearance, with customary thrills and his invaluable valet, in "The Green Killer" (Ward, Lock).

Swift Action

The American crime novel is usually distinguished for its hustle, and for sheer crowding of events and lavish display of seemingly conflicting clues all within the space of a few hours it would be difficult to supply faster work than does Mr. Hugh Austin in his "Murder in Triplicate" (Heinemann).

Another exciting and skilfully devised American mystery tale is "The Sutton Place Murders" by Robert George Dean (also from Heinemann).

Mr. Darwin L. Teilhet provides both a novel and amusing type of investigator and ingenious methods of crime in his story of "The Ticking Terror Murders" (Methuen).

The Penguin Books

The popularity of the Penguin Books, published by John Lane the Bodley Head, may be gauged by the fact that within a year the sales have considerably exceeded the two million mark.

This is not surprising in view of the cheapness, handiness and high standard of production of these sixpenny volumes. There is also the further important merit that the choice of books for this edition is well calculated to satisfy the most exacting literary taste.

The latest additions to this sixpenny library include "A Safety Match" by Ian Hay, "Death of a Hero" by Richard Aldington, "The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair, "Crome Yellow" by Aldous Huxley, and "A Cuckoo in the Nest" by Ben Travers.

A Book for Children

A book of rather unusual type that should appeal to children of between seven and twelve is "Kilango," by M. Cathcart Borer (Pitman, 3s. 6d.).

This is the story of two boys belonging to one of the East African tribes, and apart from the interest of many strange and exciting adventures involving contact with witchcraft, slave traders and cattle thieves, the tale has the merit of being indirectly educative, conveying as it is bound to do to the young reader a clear idea of the conditions of native life in this corner of the Empire.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND—Continued

The Hero of the "Revenge"

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE is one of the greatest of our naval heroes, but curiously enough, except for the one magnificent exploit which brought him death and imperishable glory—the fight of “the one and fifty-three”—the story of his life has never till now been fully and adequately told.

Mr. George Herbert Bushnell is to be congratulated on the enthusiasm he has displayed and the success he has achieved in making good that strange omission.

His “Sir Richard Grenville” (Harrap, illustrated, 10s. 6d.), bears witness to much careful research among State Papers and other contemporary documents, full weight being attached to accounts by foreign writers of the events of Grenville’s day.

“Fire and glass-eating Grenville” Sir Richard undoubtedly was—“fire-eating by inclination, by natural instinct and in part at least by heredity; glass-eating no doubt in order to provide that sensation suggesting the superman which was necessary to his inordinate ambition and pride.” But, Mr. Bushnell argues, he was something very much more than that.

He not only put the fear of England into the hearts of her enemies and so raised her prestige. He had also the vision to conceive and plan a British Empire overseas while Raleigh was a mere youth still serving his apprenticeship in arms in France.

Revival of Agriculture

The Rural Reconstruction Association comprises a small but very active group of individuals who, over a number of years have been zealously engaged in championing the cause of agricultural revival in Britain.

The ideas put forward by the Association have, in several cases, been adopted by successive Ministers of Agriculture and incorporated into legislation, but the Association is by no means satisfied with the nature of its achievements and wants a great deal more to be done in the way of re-instating agriculture in what it holds to be “its proper position in our national life.”

Accordingly it has formulated its whole policy afresh in an ably written and easily read booklet entitled “The Revival of Agriculture” (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d.).

In this it is contended that under more efficient agricultural conditions at least a million of our present unemployed could be absorbed to the benefit of themselves and the country at large; and that the agricultural revival advocated would not only “give new life to the material and spiritual growth of the nation,” but would also serve to free us from the risk of defeat in time of war through the cutting of our food supplies.

“It is useless,” said Dr. Cloudesley Brereton, addressing in 1935 a meeting of the Association, “to

be armed to the teeth if our molars have nothing to chew.”

Among the suggestions advanced are the establishment of standard prices, the scientific organisation of distribution and processing, the regulation of food imports so as to ensure the more precise balancing of supply and demand and the provision of the necessary credit for development. The organisation recommended includes an Agricultural Federation and a Food Council.

Fauna and Flora of Britain

What better and more charming introduction to the varied fauna and flora of Britain could there be than a Batsford book with its guarantee of wonderful illustrations and with contributions by Henry Williamson, Frances Pitt, Seton Gordon, E. G. Boulenger and other similar authorities?

For this reason “Nature in Britain” (Batsford, over 140 illustrations, 5s.) is assured of the warmest of welcomes. Henry Williamson, who acts as compère to the band of contributors, offers a point of view that will, it is certain, be enthusiastically endorsed by many other animal and bird lovers. He writes:—

“My own personal belief is that animals and birds, which are structurally akin to us, and appear to feel and act in many ways as we feel and act, are best to be understood by those despised individuals who ‘humanise’ them.”

“Furthermore, I believe the judgments, based on feeling, of such ‘sentimentalists’ are likely to be truer than those of mediocre science based on observed effect and a strict determination to assume no cause.

“Mediocrity is uninspired. It is uncreative. Again and again I have seen animals and birds behaving exactly as I would have behaved in the same circumstances.”

Comprehensive Road Book

Mr. R. T. Lang has embarked upon what promises to be for all road-users in the United Kingdom an invaluable series of guide books.

The first volume in the series deals with the South of England (“The National Road Book,” Vol. I, with 48 illustrations and a folding map, Methuen, 10s. 6d.). The author claims to have surveyed all the roads described and to have had the help of some 3,000 local authorities in checking the information supplied.

That information, it may be remarked, is not limited to the mileage and the state of the roads or advice as to the direction in which one must proceed from place to place. It covers a very wide range of interesting facts, so wide indeed that it might well be used for the purpose of setting a general knowledge paper.

Here are a few of the questions to which it gives an answer: Where is the oldest building in England? Where is the smallest church? Where and to whom were seven children born at one birth? Where is the Devil supposed to be buried and where was the last great prize-fight held? Which is the longest bridge in England?

**We invite our readers
to write to us express-
ing their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::**

WHAT OUR

That Hypocrite the Negus

SIR,—As a great admirer of your paper and the courage you have shown in exposing so many lies and giving us the *Truth* about many matters, I hope you will find time to give us the truth about the arch-hypocrite, "Haile Selassie."

You can get *authentic* information, dates, names, etc., from the Italian lady speaker (in English) from Rome (6.30 p.m.), at least she was broadcasting in February and March.

She can tell you of the suffering old Haile Selassie caused to the *real* Emperor of Abyssinia; the years of imprisonment, and, finally, *death*—also of the several Italian families who went out to Abyssinia years ago, and were so brutally murdered.

How the old hypocrite fled with all the wealth of Abyssinia, and left his wounded to the care of the enemy—the *Italians*—knowing well they would be treated as their own wounded!

To think "English" women are "kissing" his hand and actually making a curtsy to this monster. He is doing his best to make trouble between us and our good friends, the *Italians*.

Lady Houston has done more for the Empire by reducing her paper to 2d. than her many generous offers to England in money. The paper is now within the reach of most of us.

Good luck to the paper and its courageous Editor.

FAIR PLAY.

Be Fair to Italy

MADAM,—

What a pity that the British public has not been better instructed in this Italo-Abyssinian affair! Rarely have I ever known such bitterness to exist, and the British Press with hardly an exception, has followed the lead of our Government.

Even foreign countries that may be said to be anti-Italian, are appalled at the dangerous chaos into which we dragged Europe with such conceited complacency: it is utterly impossible to exaggerate the dismay caused by British action towards a country that has not only been always friendly to us, but ever ready to show us the utmost regard and affection.

No credit is given to Italy for her victory: we are simply told that it was won by her *black* troops, regardless of the fact that we also use coloured troops whenever there is any disturbance on the North-West Frontier of India.

I have always looked upon Great Britain as being generous to a fault, but British attitude in this wretched Abyssinian affair has completely puzzled me.

R. D. BEITH,
Lt.-Colonel.

Hotel Chateau de Madrid,
Northwood, Middlesex.

A Heart Cry from Spain

MADAM,—

I am a British subject, but my only home for over 20 years is Madrid.

Early on the 18th July I left my house on a visit to London; firstly in Irun (the French Frontier), the 14th did I hear of the vile murder of Señor Calov-Sotelo. I feared trouble, but did not think it would come so soon or in such a form, otherwise I would have returned to Madrid.

All my friends are the "Rights;" my anxiety is boundless for the fate of my adopted country.

These brave men, fighting against the Red Soviet, a Government who have sold their country to Red Russia, are fighting 1 Right to 20 Red.

I implore you, let your paper be the organ to enlighten the English people; why every Party in Spain, Fascists, Royalists, Republicans of the Right, *all* have united in this supreme effort to free their country from the mutual enemy of mankind—Communism.

Lady Houston, *before* it is *too late*, is there no means that Great Britain should help those who are fighting in the name of Christianity and civilisation?

If Spain falls, France falls too—is it convenient to have a Soviet Province so near?

There is *no* time to lose, every hour is a sea of blood, every hour some irreplaceable work of art is destroyed by the hordes of the Reds.

The English papers infuriate me, they call (miscall) "Rebels" those who are giving their last breath to free their country from the yoke of Communism, and thus calling these brave men "Rebels" misleads the English public.

Help, help is what is needed.

NELLY HARVEY.

Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

A Colonial View

SIR,—After living over here for a number of years I have discovered that the peoples of these Islands do not know nearly enough about their Empire.

Out in Jamaica I was reared in very patriotic surroundings. I was extremely proud to be British. I looked forward to "coming home," as the great adventure of my life. I expected to find this attitude. "Ah! here is a man from the Colonies; come along old chap, smoke a pipe, and help us to mismanage *our* Empire."

Instead I found this. "Ah! colonial, have you any grievances?"

The attitude was not—"You're part of us—but, you belong to us."

I was surprised and disappointed. One by one my enthusiasms and attempts to "get together" have been modified, if not definitely killed.

You'd be surprised at the number of people over here who do not even know where Jamaica is, much less know anything about Jamaicans.

If you want more sympathetic co-operation between Great Britain and the Colonies—if you want the "bonds of Empire" knitted more firmly, I recommend that films depicting the life and circumstances of the peoples of the Colonies be shown systematically in Great Britain. The Colonials and yourselves have vague and inaccurate knowledge about each other. How can you expect the best results?

Remember that "United we stand, divided we fall" was never more true than it is now.

JAMAICAN.

Parliamentary Time

MADAM,—

Allow me to reply to your correspondent "Gnomon," that of all the names suggested for changing the clock, Parliamentary time is really the most logical, because it is the only true nomenclature.

The very day and the very hour for putting on and putting back the clock-hands are arbitrarily fixed by Act of Parliament.

J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

READERS THINK

Let the King Rule

YOUR LADYSHIP,—

I understand that there has recently been in your columns a demand for a strong man to take this country in hand in similar fashion to the methods of Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini, but no one has any suggestion to offer as to who the strong man would be.

People like Mosley, Neville Chamberlain, Winston Churchill and Lord Lloyd have been advocated for the position by their respective admirers, but as all of these are violent partisans they would not possess the confidence of the nation at large.

The best English counterpart to the régimes of Hitler and Mussolini is the principle of *personal* Government by the King. A moment's reflection will convince any reasonable person that His Majesty is ideal in every respect for the position of dictator.

He has sound commonsense, his travels at home and abroad have given him quite extraordinary knowledge of general affairs, he is in close contact with the man in the street, and last but not least, he possesses a popularity in this country which is quite unprecedented.

Under such a system we would have *British* Government by a *Briton*, which would once again raise the British Empire to its very zenith of greatness.

G. R. H. SUMMERSON.

Hall Garth,

Coatham Mundeville, Nr. Darlington.

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

The *Saturday Review* should be in the hands of every Councillor and M.P. throughout the Empire. Since the war we see too much concern and love given to the FOREIGNER by our leaders, who neglect our own world-wide Empire. Even now we see proposals to give away to foreigners portions of the Empire our forebears fought to maintain.

Those who make such proposals are really traitors. No portion of the Empire should be given away to anyone, unless the consent of the people of the Empire be first obtained.

Remember the "last war" was fought to maintain the unity of the Empire, now our peace rulers are giving it away, or neglecting to give it the protection necessary to maintain that peace and unity we fought for. I fought too.

But as I pointed out in 1918, and to members of the Ottawa Conference since, our "Empire" is not yet a fact, but a mere pious expression of hope. The link of unity is in the person of our King-Emperor only, who has no legal instrument to enforce his will for the betterment and welfare of the Empire as a whole.

Our method of "administering" the Empire as a whole and expressing its voice as to maintenance, development, foreign policy and defence is proven to be illegal and non-enforceable at present. The result is we see "several voices" speaking in the name of the Empire, often flatly of a contradictory nature, which leads to suspicions, hatreds and passions of sections instead of harmony in love of the whole.

Surely now is the accepted time to put "our house" the Empire in order.

FREDERIC, ARCHBISHOP,

The Holy Orthodox Catholic Church.

56, Winchester Street,
Islington, London, N.1.

World Revolution?

SIR,—From the hour of the outbreak of Red Revolution, in Russia, those who were in a position to know the facts and whose farsightedness clearly gave them an insight to the "realities," knew that the "Plans of Anarchy," were not merely an idle dream, but the dominant and frenzied calculation of a mob of firebrand fanatical anarchists. Many years have passed, blood has been shed, murder and starvation made horrible by the intensity with which it has been waged. Had it been just a passing internal phase it would have been in itself terrible enough, but, the deliberate fomenting of disruptive and insidious propaganda from Moscow, has gripped the more excitable of the nations. Spain is torn, France has experienced this soul destroying evil, China is in turmoil, and every nation is feeling the effects of the powerful drug of Sovietisation. Governments have tried hard to balance and counter-balance the effects and reactions; unfortunately the majority of people, who are ignorant of the injection, find themselves, unintentionally, "carriers" of the deadly germ of disruptive and subversive tendencies.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Fascist ideas grow stronger and stronger. If the statesmen of this great Nation and Empire desire a more tranquil spirit, they must face the Menace of Bolshevism that they know to be a real and grave reality, and take measures to completely bring it to a final and complete ineffectiveness.

As I see the International position to-day, the one real remaining bulwark is a strong, ready and fully prepared British Empire. Moreover, be it unpalatable a fact, the ungodly forces of "Soviet-Socialism" are in unholy alliance, gathered for a final bid for the overthrow of civilisation. The citadels of sanity and order, are gravely imperilled.

STANLEY GEORGE, F.B.E.E.

Chelsfield, Kent.

Jewish Communists

LADY HOUSTON,—

I read a copy of your *Saturday Review* and was so pleased that I have resolved to have it regularly. In every way I agree with you.

The real trouble is, of course, our people are entirely ignorant of the fact that Communistic Jews are steadily gaining ground. If only there was a daily newspaper to fight them.

I am a page in a West End restaurant and, therefore, I hear many political arguments, but of the lot, yours is the only one that has any sense. I love my King and Country, and hate those who seek to destroy them.

There are so many enemies that one hardly knows which one is worst, but of the lot I think the Jewish Communists are the greatest. My only wish is that all British people held the same views as you.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

London.

Change the Man

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Please don't alter your call to the nation for a *Leader*, and let him be not over forty and not afraid to fight.

I don't think any of the old gang will fit the place, surrounded by the same lot.

"Change the man and not the race

You'll find yourself in the same old place!"

A. EVELEGH.

Harborne Hall, Nr. Birmingham.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

Some Suggestions

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Success to the *Saturday Review*, which arrives every Friday morning and brightens and enlightens us with its truth and candour.

May I suggest that each week you publish as a reminder some of the Communistic outbursts of Ramsay MacDonald. We, as a nation, forget very easily, and I think it all to the good that we should be reminded of his utterances during and after the war.

Another suggestion I would make is that all ex-officers and men form an Army of "Loyalists," with allegiance to the King and Country, so that if Mr. Eden gets his wish and submits to that Godless anarchist Litvinoff, there will be available at an instant's call a fully armed Army ready to defend the King and the Country.

There are thousands of ex-Soldiers and Sailors of the Great War who will enrol to serve the King, but for myself and many others, we are not joining up again to fight for Godless Russia, at the instigation of such creatures as Baldwin, Eden and MacDonald, or to protect Litvinoff against the just indignation of Germany and Italy.

Let us join forces with Germany and Italy, whether France likes it or not. Once this is accomplished we can crush the Snake of Communism under our heels.

R. W. GOODRELL.

18, Dukethorpe Road,
Sydenham, S.E.26.

[Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's war-time utterances are frequently published on the back cover of the *Saturday Review*.—ED.]

Conservatism and Workers

MY LADY,—

I am writing as a regular reader of your paper, also a working man Conservative.

In your recent issue your remark was that the party wanted a strong leader; but my idea is besides having a leader it wants a bolder policy, as I believe there is not enough of working class views on the Headquarters of the Party. I myself am unable to belong to it as I cannot afford the subscription; but I have helped in all elections.

Now that the Derby election is over it will tell you that something is wrong with the policy and I feel that unless something is done within the Party very bold and quick the Conservative Party will go very low in numbers and many others like myself feel that there is not anything been done to help the working man's position.

I have been a local preacher for 5 years, but I find the Churches are not doing anything to improve conditions.

I should like to see a commission set up where the working man Conservative could put his condition, otherwise the party will lose a lot of members especially with the working class.

ARTHUR BULLOCK.

22, Francis Road,
Kenton, Middlesex.

Jews or Gentiles?

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Your gallant efforts to bring the country to a sane policy in international affairs is appreciated by the few of your fellow-countrymen and women who still remain steadfast to an England strong and able to fill her rôle as the leader of the Christian civilisation.

Our mischiefmaking Foreign Secretary, whom you rightly dub "a silly conceited ass," is now reaping the just reward of his studiously insulting questionnaire sent to Hitler by being snubbed, as he deserves to be, by the strongest nation in Europe, and I believe the only nation offering to lead the European countries on to a peace which will stand; when each country will attend to its own affairs leaving "International" movements to the

people who alone reap the rich rewards of stirring up strife amongst the nations—the international financiers.

It may help in understanding the insane British "policy" in Abyssinia, and now in Egypt if we note the great friendship of our Foreign Secretary with the Russian Jew president of the League of Nations.

REGINALD SLONES.

185, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

An Italian Appreciation

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I read yesterday by chance your article in the *Saturday Review*, and I cannot help expressing to you—as a sincere Italian friend of England, and a Fascist, my sincere appreciation and heartfelt admiration.

May God crown your effort, and save England and the world from its real enemy—Bolshevism.

DR. G. SAPIO BE CEREOBILE.

Mount Royal, Marble Arch,
London, W. 1.

What is a Loyalist?

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Was there ever such a perversion of the truth?

All our big London newspapers, Conservative, as well as others, call the Monarchists, and those who are fighting to save their beautiful country, Spain, from the hands of the cruel, godless Bolsheviks, "Rebels" and the monsters who are in power, "Loyalists." Truly England has gone crazy!

Instead of fighting the Communists who have no respect for law and order, we are encouraging them. It certainly makes one respect and admire you all the more for your fearless remarks in your truly patriotic paper, the *Saturday Review*.

F. M. HUTCHINS.

Olney, Bucks.

The Failure of Democracy

SIR,—To a large extent the innate sense of the English people governs the country far more than the muddling politicians; but unfortunately in Foreign Affairs the politician has it in his power to do immense harm before the people are aware of what is being done, and though the Press in the main proves a useful watchdog in the people's interests we have recently seen the unspeakable folly of our politicians in relation to our National interests.

The question then arises as to whether Democratic Government as practised in this Country can survive. From its very nature it results in the fooling of the people by those who seek election to power by means of specious promises. This is inevitable; in 1928 it was "Cheap Electricity" but the Grid has not brought us cheap Electricity but an intensified vulnerability to aerial attack, and other examples can be quoted.

The Nation does not favour Fascism and possibly wisely; but Government by an Oligarchy of the best brains and the best Principles is essential if we are to survive the threatening world holocaust now looming up.

In these circumstances may I suggest that a return to a nominal Absolute Monarchy, whereby His Majesty should gather round him the elect of our Military and Commercial and Political experts as his advisers, would combine the rapidity of action associated with Dictatorship States while maintaining the necessary degree of freedom for the people, which under existing Democratic Government has degenerated largely to Political graft and license and is threatening our destruction.

S. P. CHRISTIE.

12a, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7.

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us by the first post on Monday morning.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumfriesshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 11 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 3. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLANDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYDEBURN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- . Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- . W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- . Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View Hotel. Bed., 9; Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- . Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- . Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- . Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- . Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW C.3. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- . Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. 'Phone: Dalmally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2, and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- . Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- . Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- . Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- . W.E., £1 7/- . Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/- . Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL Hotel. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/- . 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- . Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9, Din., 6/- . Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- . Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/- . Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- . Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- . Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- . Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- . Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5; Din., 6/- . Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles. free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- . Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS. — Grosvenor Hotel. 'Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d.; double, 14/- . Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TREWESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3, and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/- .

WALTON-ON-NAZE. — Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 65. Pens., from £3/12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

BRIGG. Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE. N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view.—Pens., 4 gns. each per week—full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND. Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD. ESSEX. — Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA. — Visit the Bays-hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 8/-; Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH. S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel. ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE. — Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH. — St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH. S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel. Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE. SUFFOLK. — Bracadale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN. Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE. — Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—3-4 gns. Winter 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

GOSWATHLAND. Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 4 mile. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE. Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch —a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone: 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

HEREFORD. — The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

ILFRACOMBE. — The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel, Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

DILKUSA. — Grand Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed., all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel. Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

IVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTHEL ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA. — Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary St. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHIEL. ARGYLL. — Ardshealch Hotel, Acharracle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON. — Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel. 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel. Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone, Vic. 0867 & 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S. 15/- D. 27/- Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL. Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

CORA Hotel. Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel. De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel. Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel. 7, Lidlington Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL. 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel. 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 2801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel. Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 minutes. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel. Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel. 4, Pembroke Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel. Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park, 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE. 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel. 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel. Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel. College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden. tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON. No. Devon. — Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3; Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE. N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road, T., Jesmond, 906. Bed., 38; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel. Jesmond Road. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK. Hayle, Cornwall. — Rivière Hotel. Near sea; golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH. Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY. Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN I.O.W. — Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA. HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel. Clarence parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD. Glos. — Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY. Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3; Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel. St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel. Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG. Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP OF THE INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address: Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Australia Will Do Her Best

From an Australian Correspondent

SINCE Australia is the most vulnerable part of the British Empire it was appropriate that Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, should have spoken so plainly on the subject of Imperial Defence at the Royal Empire Society's summer school at Bristol.

Mr. Bruce usually speaks plainly. He possesses that talent, rare in orators, of invariably having something to say besides words.

"If we (the Dominions) claim equality of status," he told his audience, "we must be prepared to shoulder the responsibilities. I think you can rely that there will be recognition by Australia of that."

The responsibility of the Dominions in supporting the Imperial defence policy is a tremendous question. It will inevitably bulk large in the discussions of the Imperial Conference next year.

And, as surely as the rising of the sun, a reshaping of our defensive policy will be achieved at that conference. The Dominions must accept heavier burdens if the Empire is to be protected from the acquisitive hands of land-hungry nations.

The figures Mr. Bruce quoted showing the contributions made to defence services by the different parts of the Empire will bear repetition. They are:—

	per head.
The United Kingdom	... 50/6
Australia	... 21/10
New Zealand	... 12/6
South Africa	... 12/-
Canada	... 5/7

To most people they must have come as something of a shock. They seem to supply all the proof required of the charge, which is being made with increasing frequency, that the Dominions are shirking their responsibilities, contenting themselves with the protection of the United Kingdom's wing.

At the same time, there is another aspect which editorial-writers and public speakers often ignore. It applies especially to Australia and, in smaller measure, to the other Dominions.

The first line of defence for any sparsely-populated country is manpower. Without it, the strongest fleet of aeroplanes, the most powerful navy, is as useless against an invader as a toy rattle.

Now, Australia has spent enormous sums in an effort to populate adequately her 3,000,000 square miles of territory, to run a belt of British people round her 12,000 miles of coastline.

A large part of her debt to Britain, a debt which costs the Australian people £20,000,000 a year to service, was incurred to subsidise migration schemes which, in the final analysis, were a defensive measure.

It is to be hoped that this important point will be borne in mind when the Imperial Conference meets next year. It will certainly be emphasised by Australia's representatives, and there is no reason to believe that the United Kingdom delegates will not give it full weight.

Nevertheless, the case for readjustment remains. For instance, it is perfectly plain that Canada, with a contribution of 5/7 per head of population, less than one-ninth of the United Kingdom's burden, is dodging her duty.

The reason is not far to seek. First, Canada lies a few days' steaming from Britain. Second, she has a powerful neighbour, the United States, who would be quick to resent, not merely for sentimental reasons, an armed threat to Canada.

The Imperial Conference will serve a valuable purpose if it succeeds in evolving a new defensive policy, based on better equality of financial responsibility.

Australia will gladly bear her share. She cannot obviously contribute on the same per capita basis as the United Kingdom and, at the same time, develop her vast territories.

But she can ease the burden which chafes the United Kingdom's shoulders. She will do her part, as she did in the Great War. So, I feel, will her sister Dominions.

Help For The Settler

By Cleland Scott.

Nanyuki, Kenya.

THE Colonists of Kenya are often accused of perpetually grumbling and never putting forward any concrete proposals.

They have just done the latter and the Kenya Government has forwarded a Bond Issue Scheme, proposed by the Board of Economy, to the Secretary of State—without comment.

It seems a pity the Local Government did not express any opinion about it, but that, alas, is only too common: they did not even ask the experts at home to suggest alternatives if this one did not appeal!

Briefly the scheme is State Guaranteed Bonds to solve the problem of Agricultural Indebtedness, the liability of the State not to exceed 80 per cent. of the present value of the assets.

It should be noted that to-day's values are low so the State is safeguarded.

If the scheme is adopted Kenya will be able to take advantage of the present cheap money, about £4,000,000 being required.

There were two notes of dissent to the memorandum: one by the Chief Native Commissioner who considered that the country's credit is to be pledged for a few only—conveniently forgetting that all are interdependent on each other in Kenya; the other by an Indian member who, of course, dragged racial politics into an economic issue. It must not be forgotten that every industry in Kenya has been established by private enterprise.

If this scheme goes through perhaps a new era will be born and from now on the Government will run its administration in conjunction with private enterprise instead of as a purely separate machine.

A large part of the revenue of the Colony comes from the growing of coffee, tea, cattle, sheep, maize, and sisal.

One knows only too well a number of critics and enemies will immediately cry: "Why should these—settlers be helped?"

Why not? Have not sugar beet and shipping received subsidies in England? Are not those who provide raw materials in our colonies entitled to be assisted as much as those who earn their living in Europe? Why should not the child be helped as much as its parent?

Half the problems of Kenya have been forced on the country willy-nilly. The settlers, moreover, are intensely loyal or long ago they would have created trouble.

This bond scheme will bear interest at about 3 per cent. and so is infinitely preferable to any subsidy and the bonds will be redeemed in 48 years' time; whereas subsidies seem likely to go on for ever and so are a greater burden on the taxpayer.

The only risk is the possibility of a few farms being eventually abandoned, but nothing worthwhile in life is accomplished without some form of risk.

Once A Year To The Arctic

CANADA'S Eastern Arctic is re-explored and revisited annually by scientists and Government officials. This year's trip has now commenced with the sailing of the Hudson Bay Company's R.M.S. *Nascopie* from Montreal. By the time she returns she will have covered 10,000 miles.

She carries scientists, administrative officers, post office officials, members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, clergymen, surveyors, medical officers, photographers and press men. The vessel will call at twenty-three ports and distribute supplies and mail matter to thirty-five posts.

The most northerly port of call will be Craig Harbour, and here Mr. Robert Bentham, who was a member

of Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition, will land and continue the investigation commenced on Ellesmere Island in the spring of 1935. Bearing south the expedition will then call at Dundas Harbour on Devon Island and transfer twelve Eskimo families to Arctic Bay on Admiralty Inlet. The ship will be coaled at Churchill.

Among other duties of the patrol will be to distribute supplies of tanned and "green" buffalo hides that have been brought from the Buffalo National Park in Alberta to needy Eskimos. This year's Eastern Arctic Expedition is attracting considerable attention, as it is expected to be productive of much valuable scientific and other information relative to native and wild life in Canada's Eastern Arctic.

Philatelists desiring the postmark of the Empire's most northerly post offices have sent quantities of letters, addressed to themselves, to be posted en route. It is no use their being in a hurry for these as the *Nascopie* is not expected to dock at Halifax until about October 2nd.

The Weapons of India

The War Quoit (Chakra)

By F. R. Lee, I.E.S., Retd.

ALWAYS there have been primitive experiments in aerodynamics.

The most famous ended in disaster when the wings of the first human flyer were damaged by the sun and he fell into the Icarian Sea.

Small boys examine the problems of lift, glide, impetus, stability and angle of incidence whenever they play "ducks and drakes" by the village pond.

So long ago that its invention was ascribed to "the gods" the Hindus used a weapon, the war quoit, or *chakra*, which since the tenth century has existed in its present form.

Let a traveller of 1516, Barbosa, describe it and the manner of using it:—

"In the Kingdom of Dely, they have some steel wheels which they call *chacarami*, two fingers broad, sharp outside like knives, and the face of these is the size of a small plate, and they carry seven or eight of these each put on the left arm, and they take one and put it on the finger of the right hand, and so they hurl it at their enemies."

In the reigns of Shah Jehan and Aurangzeb, Tavernier, a famous French jeweller, travelled about India.

Near Sidpur he met a party of Mahomedan dervishes, whose equipment he thus describes:

"Ils etaient tous bien armés; le plupart avec des arcs et des flèches, les uns avec des mousquets et les autres avec des piques courtes, et une espèce d'arme que nous n'avons pas dans l'Europe.

"C'est un fer aigu, fait comme le bord d'une plaque sans centre, et on mets huit ou dix sur la tête en les portant autour du col comme fraise. On ôte ces cirques quand il-y-a besoin de les employer. Et quand on les



Sikh about to throw the Chakra

jette avec force contre un homme comme nous faisons voler une plaque, ils presque le coupent en deux."

Here, be it noted, two ways of throwing are mentioned, one by twirling it round the forefinger, the other the modern, by holding the quoit as shown in the photograph of a famous Sikh, the finger resting on the inner edge, propulsion being effected exactly as the village urchin hurls his flat stone.

Such a stone may have been the ancestor of the *chakra*. That is the simplest, and so the more likely theory. But I have often thought that the throwing knife, used in S. India, might have developed into a quoit.

Some observer more acute than his fellows, would find that the difficulties of glide and stability decreased as he made his knife more like a circle, point meeting haft. But the "missing link" has got to be found.

But perhaps the wheel of Vishnu was the one and only ancestor of the *chakra*. Its wheel-like shape with spokes was long retained and still appears when used as a caste-mark and an emblem on Vishnavite temples.

The Akalis, the most militant of the Sikh fraternity, still use the quoit and it survives as an event in regimental sports though the cult of western game-playing has brought it into neglect.

The usual target is one of interlaced banana stems about 6 feet high by 3 feet or 4 feet broad, put up at 50 yards.

In this country a bamboo garden-stick loosely stuck in the ground makes a good mark.

Stand sideways to the target and throw with a fluent arm, with

plenty of wrist-flick. Nothing but constant practice will disclose the secrets of planing, wind control and angles of edge.

The longest throws are got in the head-wind. In war the Sikhs kept their quoits sharp as a razor; for sport that is not necessary.

It is well to paint the quoit white to facilitate recovery, and for a beginner's early efforts there should be plenty of elbow-room, for they will be erratic and dangerous to bystanders.

Southern Rhodesia Calling

IT is hoped that a Rhodesian contingent, drawn partly from men who have already made their reputation at Bisley and partly from the new blood that has lately come to the fore, will contest at the Coronation Bisley in England next year.

The annual tobacco auction sales in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, are expected to continue till the end of August. Over £300,000 had been paid to growers in the first ten weeks. The average weight of Virginia leaf exported annually over the last five years is twelve million pounds.

At a meeting of the State Lottery Trustees recently held in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, the plans for a Convalescent Home, near Marandellas, were examined and passed. The Home, when completed in November, will be electrically fitted throughout. Proposals for the provision of similar establishments to serve the Midlands and Western areas are now being considered by the Trustees.

Other items suggested as suitable for grants from the Lottery Fund were the establishment of an air ambulance and a grant to the Society for the Care of the Blind and Physically Defective.

At the Annual Congress of the Federation of Women's Institutes recently held at Fort Victoria, Southern Rhodesia, it was suggested that the Government should allot a fund for overseas scholarships for girls on the same lines as the Rhodes Scholarships for men.

A large motor caravan, containing three generations of the same family, has arrived in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, after a journey of about 4,000 miles in Southern and Central Africa.

This home on wheels has a comfortable double-berthed cabin fitted with several cupboards, a cooker and two large water tanks at the sides. The driver's seat can also be converted into a bed. The party consists of Mr. J. P. Pienaar, his wife and small daughter and Mrs. Pienaar's father.

The average speed has been between 20 and 25 miles per hour. The weather has been very kind to the party through the whole trip. They have experienced no skids and have not been held up by rivers.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Early Days of Ocean Transport

By Professor A. P. Newton.

FOR an age in which ocean travel is a commonplace it is hard to realise what a vast amount of experiment has been necessary to make its security and comfort possible.

Yet without that experiment the peopling of the distant lands of the Empire would have been impossible and the trade that provides the needs and the luxuries of our complex modern life in these islands could never have been developed.

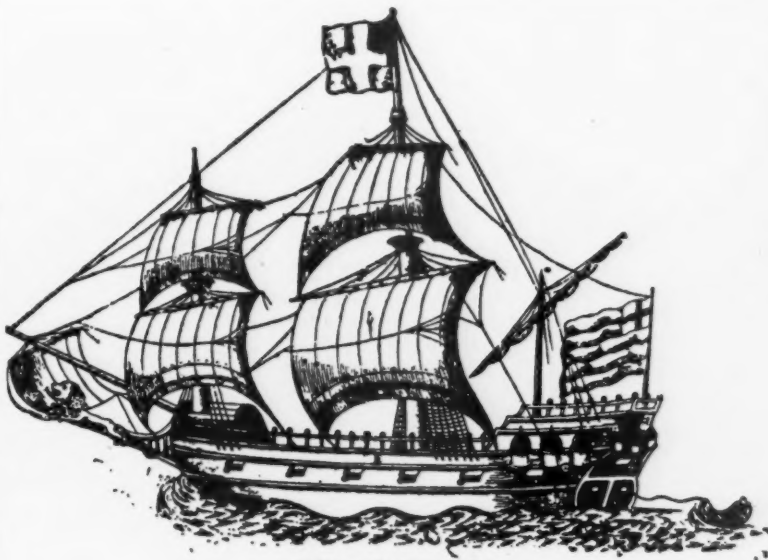
There have been three notable epochs in the development of ocean transport, separated by intervals during which comparatively little change went on.

The first was the sixteenth century when the ocean-going sailing ship was first evolved. The second period covered the middle years of the nineteenth century when the sailing ship was displaced by the steamship which is dependent upon fuel for its propulsion, and to supply that fuel coaling stations were established in every sea, most of them under the British flag.

The third epoch is the period of the last forty years in which the size and comfort of the steamships have been enormously increased and the application of electrical and other machinery to ventilation, refrigeration, lighting etc., has enabled developments to be introduced that were undreamt of in the first ocean liners.



French ship of type used by French fishermen in Newfoundland waters early in 16th century, after Cabot's discovery of the fishing banks.



ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR.

English man-of-war of early 17th century. Note the development of features making for speed—removal of cumbersome super-structure, more weight below water-line, and hence higher masts and more sail.

The building up of the Empire would have been quite possible without the developments of these later periods, but if it had not been for the discoveries and inventions of the first the oceans would still have been closed to us as they were to the ancient and the medieval world.

We commonly assume that it was only an improvement in shipbuilding that marked the advance, but in reality there were many other things to accomplish.

The ships of the Middle Ages, with the exception of the oared galleys which were confined to the Mediterranean, were clumsy ill-sailing cogs whose outline differed little from that of a walnut shell.

They were stoutly built and had a large capacity for cargo but they were difficult to steer and it was impossible for them to sail close to the wind.

The line of future development did not spring from them but from the small, undecked fishing craft which had been evolved from the primitive shallops by the pirates and wreckers round the mouth of the Channel who had also learned from the builders of the caravels of Portugal and Spain.

As the fishing craft developed into the bark of the mid-sixteenth century they took over from the fighting ships of the Middle Ages the high fore-castle and the after-castle or poop which had been evolved to assist in boarding an enemy vessel, and these castles were a prominent feature in the design of all the ships in which the maritime exploits of the latter part of the sixteenth century were achieved.

But in the next fifty years the castles were greatly reduced in height in the handiest sailing ships and they came to a clean-run form

that differed little throughout the rest of the sailing ship era.

Questions of this kind and of the evolution of sailing rig and ships' furniture generally are of great interest to sailors, but they are also of direct bearing upon the details of the Empire's history, for only some knowledge of them can explain the course taken in certain incidents of it.

But the developments of the sixteenth century went further than ship-building.

Men had to learn how to guide their course and plot their position when out of sight of land and so the sciences of navigation and nautical astronomy were explored for directly practical ends.

The vagaries and variations of the compass had to be enquired into, for it had soon been found that though the needle generally pointed northwards, it did not do so exactly.

Investigations into this led to the first scientific enquiry into the properties of magnets by Gilbert and so laid the basis of our modern electrical developments.

How was it possible to furnish and provision a ship so that the crew might have food and drink for many weeks that would not decay even though the voyage were in the hottest regions of the tropics?

Numberless trials of obscure inventors whose names have left no memory must have been worked out before some measure of success in ship's victualling was attained. But that was never secured in the preservation of the crews in health on long voyages.

Scurvy, dysentery and other diseases were almost as prevalent at the end as at the beginning of the period and it was left to late centuries to find their remedy.

A Present from Britain

By Our City Editor

WHILE it is appropriate that on the eve of the holiday the British Government should announce its latest donation, once again to Russia, it would have been still more appropriate had the present been given by Russia to Britain. The City looks at things in a cold-blooded and perhaps a mercenary light, but it fails entirely to understand the reason for making Russia so many financial presents. The latest is a £10,000,000 credit for five years, this to be used in purchases of British manufactured goods for export to Russia. The goods have to be bought over the next year and Russia pays for them in five-year Notes bearing 5½ per cent. interest. These notes are then to be given the guarantee of the Export Credits Guarantee Department, a full Government guarantee as to principal and interest, and sold in the London Money Market. Exporters will thus be able to receive full cash for their goods, a pleasant change which they will doubtless much appreciate.

The fullest recognition has been given in this column to the need for increasing Britain's exports but hardly at the expense of paying for them ourselves. If our very large balance of imports from Russia, to whom Britain is an all-important market, were used to make the U.S.S.R. pay off at least a proportion of her huge debts to British nationals, it would surely be far more effective than risking the British taxpayer's money with the Soviet for five years in order to persuade Russia to buy goods of which she badly stands in need and to buy which she has already ample sterling funds as the result of British purchases of her goods.

It is probable that Russia will take for her £10,000,000 machinery of all kinds, heavy and textile, so that Britain will actually be financing a serious manufacturing competitor during the difficult period of development. Should such competition from Russia succeed, Britain will lose more than the £10,000,000 which she is now to get in trade. If it fails, then presumably the Russian authorities will regret their inability to meet the maturity of the Notes. If, in order to expand exports, we have to be so very generous, surely we can benefit the Empire first—or even South America, where Britain obtains some return on its invested funds. She obtains none from Russia.

Fears for the Franc

The trouble in Spain and the growth of anarchy there has not tended to reassure those who entertain fears for France's position. So far these fears have not been truly reflected in the franc but the whole unsound French financial position, failure to balance the budget, reluctance to devalue or to take the unpleasant deflationary medicine which is

the only alternative to devaluation, charge the whole situation with danger which may at any time come to a head. Far better if France had taken the step of quiet and deliberate devaluation before it is forced on her by a currency panic.

These are disturbing thoughts for those who are trying to find a gleam of hope in the international situation but the view must be upheld that until the franc is divorced from gold and France has had her period of experiment, there is little chance of the currency stabilisation which alone can bring peace in its wake.

Good L.M.S. Results

The interim statements of the Home Railway companies make a somewhat mixed bag but the good showing made by the L.M. & S. dwarfs any disappointment which may be felt at the Southern or G.W.R. statements. The L.M.S. has managed to secure a gross increase on the half year of £1,200,000 and net earnings are higher by £500,000 despite the increases in wages amounting to £410,000. The directors are thus enabled to pay the full interim dividends on the preference stocks and this brings the ordinary stock within sight of some sort of payment—though it has to be borne in mind that there is £95,000,000 of ordinary stock. The 4 per cent. 1923 preference at 77½ returns about £5 8s. per cent. and now appears quite an attractive purchase for those who believe that our heavy industries are booked for further prosperity for a few years. As a gamble the ordinary stock at 27 is still more attractive and it has now established a definite advantage over Southern deferred which stands at 22½. Southern earnings for the half-year were actually £17,000 lower and as the Southern has already taken full benefit on its rating assessment, the deferred stock is dependent upon improvement in actual earnings.

In the case of the Great Western, the ordinary stock is again to receive an interim payment of ¼ per cent. Many had hoped for a payment of ½ per cent. but the company has been paying 3 per cent., when only 1 per cent. was earned last year, and the amounts to be received in rating relief will have to be applied to re-establishing the reserves which have been encroached upon for the payment of these dividends.

Copper Shares

After spending some time in comparative inactivity, copper-mining issues now look the most attractive in the whole mining list. Rhokana Corporation's dividend statement is most impressive and with the permitted production now expanded by about 7 per cent. and with copper at about £38 per ton, against an average of £32 last year, prospects are most encouraging. Rhokana's profit last year amounted to £610,000 as against £340,000 in the year 1934-35 and the dividend is being increased from 12½ per cent. to 17½ per cent. The company has the great Northern Rhodesia copper deposits under its control and the future of its properties is beyond question a major concern of the Empire itself. The £1 shares stand at 6½ giving a yield of little over 2½ per cent., so that the market is anticipating very big things in future dividends. Roan Antelope 5s. shares at 40s. may appeal to those who regard Rhokana as too expensive. On the basis of the last 20 per cent. dividend the return is even less than that on Rhokana but despite the big rise which has already taken place in the price, these shares are one of the best purchases among the "coppers."

MOTORING

Is the Accident Problem
Unsolvable

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

AFTER writing what I did about holiday accidents last week I could not help being amused by counting the number of mishaps I encountered on the Chichester road last week. The Goodwood Races happened to be on at the time, so I think it is fair to call this holiday time.

On the by-pass which skirts Guildford a car was lying on its side in the middle of the road. Apparently it had been hit broadside on by another car and pushed over, though how such an accident could possibly have happened I cannot think. Anyhow, no one seemed to be hurt and, bar one frightened looking lady in a white motor car, who may or may not have had anything to do with the matter, no one seemed seriously disturbed, so I passed on.

I passed two more cars by the side of the road with the side of their bonnets and off wheels bashed in and yet another going up a steep hill beyond Petworth. How this could have happened passed my comprehension, for traffic was reduced to walking pace owing to the congestion and the road was wide enough to take three or four lines of traffic. Yet there the machine was, very much the worse for wear and unlikely to be on the road again for some time.

Enforce the Law

The conclusion I am rapidly coming to is that it is quite hopeless to attempt to reduce the number of accidents. Just as the Irish problem will never be settled so long as there are Irishmen so, I feel sure, the motor accident problem will never be solved so long as there are motorists.

This brings me to ask why the law is not being enforced against pedestrians who cross streets against the traffic lights. The only excuse the authorities have ever been able to offer is that the task of controlling these folk is too great a one to tackle.

But I have shown that the task of preventing motorists from having accidents is also too great a problem to tackle. Logically then, if the police take on one job which is too much for them there is no reason why they should not take on another. Their excuse for their slackness about erring pedestrians falls, therefore, to the ground.

I have for some time been thinking seriously of leaping out of my car, seizing a handful of jay-walkers who shoot in front of it when the traffic lights are against them, and handing them over to a policeman. I have no doubt he will be very indignant—he certainly will if he has any sense and realises how much trouble such a precedent may store up for him—but I shall tell him I can see no reason why there should be one law for the motorist and another for the pedestrian.

THEATRE NOTES

"Lilac Time"

Coliseum

I AM always a little nervous when approaching a revival of a modern play. If one has seen the original production it is inevitable that one will make comparisons, and it is extremely difficult after a lapse of time to separate the present performance from the probably hazy and sentimental recollection which one retains of the first performance. Such strictures do not apply in the case of Shakespeare or Ibsen or Sheridan or any of the hundred and one dramatists whose works are acknowledged to be "classics." Those distant "first nights" took place long before we were born and do not therefore embarrass us when we are considering a modern presentation. We can hark back to Granville Barker's "Midsummer Night's Dream" but of "Midsummer Night's Dream" as originally acted we know less than nothing.

"Lilac Time" is one of those revivals which has resurrected itself before rigor mortis has properly set in. One simply cannot dissociate Mr. Lee Ephraim's production from the original version which we are all old enough to have seen. I find myself, therefore, on the horns of a dilemma. If I say that Mr. Maurice d'Oisly's Schubert is not as good as the Schubert I originally saw I may be doing Mr. d'Oisly an injustice: if on the other hand I say that he is the best Schubert so far I may be belittling the original performance, the details of which are daily becoming dimmer in my mind.

My Impressions

I must therefore try and rid my mind of any previous impressions and say that, though Mr. d'Oisly was excellent when he was shy and gauche, he was not so successful in his more emotional scenes. Miss Helen Gilliland sang well and moved with grace, Mr. Charles Mayhew is one of those lamentably rare people who can act as well as sing, and Miss Maria Minetti combined the coquette and the virago with a nice discretion.

Then, of course, there is Mr. George Graves. I must confess that in the ordinary way I am not, to use a modern idiom, "Graves-conscious." I have never in the past gone into paroxysms of mirth over our greatest musical comedy comedian. The fault, Dear Brutus, lies in ourselves and not in Mr. Graves. On this occasion I found myself laughing a good deal at Mr. Graves and I can only assume that either he has matured with the years or that I have been completely wrong for the best part of a generation. But, really, these revivals are the very devil.

C.S.

CINEMA**Train Wrecking**

BY MARK FORREST

THERE is plenty of excitement in the new picture at the New Gallery, where *Seven Sinners* meet with violent deaths. A revolver shot opens the proceedings, but we are soon treated to some very neat work in the way of train smashing. Beginning with the Riviera express, trains seem to make a habit of running off the lines; how these accidents are brought about with such distressing regularity is left more or less to one's imagination, and perhaps one shouldn't cavil at not being shown exactly how the rabbits get into the hat when the crashes are realistic enough to satisfy any bloodthirsty member of the audience.

First a Mr. Wagner, who has been previously shot during the carnival at Nice, is found in the splintered ruins of what was the Riviera express; then a doctor's life is summarily cut short in one of our own locals and, finally, there is a grand holocaust in the boat train from which only the hero, the heroine and the villain escape. Returning after this to the original revolver motive the picture is nicely rounded off with a fusillade of shots in the firing of which the villain gets the worst of it.

Clever Dialogue

Wrecking of trains is a pastime with which the camera is fitted to deal, and by the end of this film no one should be in any doubt upon that point. The picture, however, would have been much less successful if it was not for the dialogue. All the way through this is light and amusing, and maintaining this level the improbabilities of the story are kept at arm's length.

The two principal parts are played by Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings. In their respective rôles of a private detective from New York and a representative of an insurance company they poke their noses into what is no concern of theirs. That they triumph in the end is due to what I can only put down to the villain's execrable luck. To have the fortune to be in two train smashes, not to mention facing odd revolver shots, and to escape—in the case of the heroine unscathed and unruffled and in the case of the hero with the usual flesh wound—shows the care with which Providence watches over the righteous.

These suave parts suit the principals very well, and the rest of the foreground is filled in with some good touches from Henry Oscar, Joyce Kennedy, O. B. Clarence, Themy Bourdelle and Mark Lester.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981

"SCARLET PIMPERNEL" (A) and
"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS" (U)

Retained by demand.

Commencing Monday, August 10th.

"GHOST GOES WEST" (A) and
"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (A)

BROADCASTING**Televisionaries**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

SOMETHING over ten years ago a band of hopeful pioneers migrated from Marconi House to Savoy Hill. Their hopes were high; they had proved to the satisfaction of a number of people that the toy they had been playing with really worked, and in consequence they were prepared to put their plaything on the market. Of the "Big Five" who made that perilous and adventurous journey across the Strand only one remains. The rest have for one reason or another severed their connection with the parent company.

Pilgrimage

During this week there has been a similar pilgrimage, this time from Broadcasting House to Alexandra Palace. I could not tell you whether the pilgrims themselves are holding their heads as high as did those pioneers of the old Marconi House days. True, they have a toy which may amuse the public, but so far the public knows nothing about it; in fact, it is doubtful whether the public will know anything about it for quite a long time to come. I am inclined to think that Mr. Gerald Cock and his merry men are not setting out on their journey from West London to North London with their heads so high or their hats set at such a jaunty angle as did those long-forgotten friendly people who first brought broadcasting to our notice.

Let us for one moment ponder over what they will have to offer us when they arrive at their new quarters. They have a staff, producers, two charming "Telemoiselles," lots of aerials and no money.

B.B.C. Stranglehold

The programmes which they have already devised are no doubt excellent, but since there is no guarantee that these gems of production will ever reach the public one can only take the will for the deed. The reason for this is that the B.B.C. does not yet know how to transmit them and the public does not know how to receive them.

Why the B.B.C. does not say frankly that Television has not reached the stage when the public can derive some amusement from it I do not know.

Many moons ago I had the temerity to state that if once the B.B.C. got its hands on Television, Television was as good as dead. I know that Mr. Cock will do all he can for Television, I know that the manufacturers are waiting for a lead, but as far as I can see Television is as far off now as it was four years ago. I salute the pioneers and I weep for them.

Reprinted from the SATURDAY REVIEW of December 7th, 1935.

CHUCK IT!—

MR. BALDWIN

BY LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

*You've come back dear Baldwin, a Die-hard, a Tory
You've come back again to the faith of thy birth.
To free us from Sanctions the League false and gory.
And those who love you—will shout in their mirth.*

MY dear Prime Minister.

I WROTE the above rhyme which now sounds a hollow mockery because I was so **sure** of you—so certain that with a Conservative majority—without any “National” encumbrances whatever to stand in your way—you would now be a real Conservative again—but alas, my dream soon became a nightmare.

FOR a majority vote in the last Election—did not give you the freehold title deeds of England and the British Empire as your own private property to be apportioned out or endangered at YOUR WILL—nor did a majority vote make the people of England—**SLAVES** to be driven like sheep to the slaughter and sacrificed at your bidding—*simply because you talked a lot of rot* and called the League of Nations your “Sheet Anchor”!

A FREE people are not to be bought and sold by politicians.

THE whole Country is bored to tears with the League of Nations and is infuriated with your Sanctions—which have turned our good friends in Italy into bitter enemies—and it is a scandal that you should have permitted Mussolini to be insulted because he is doing what England has done again and again in the past. You seem to imagine that you can affront Italy with impunity—**but can you?** What will you do if Mussolini **GOADED BEYOND ENDURANCE**—sends you an ultimatum and says—“Unless all this folly ceases—and you stop all sanctions—by twelve o'clock tomorrow—the English Fleet in the Mediterranean is at our mercy and will most certainly—be blown up?”

PULL yourself together, Mr. Baldwin, and face this fact.

MUSSOLINI has every right to demand an apology from you for the insolent, caddish manner in which Anthony Eden (Litvinoff's mouthpiece) has treated him and when I say—“Chuck it—Mr. Baldwin”—I am echoing what every sane and honest patriot in the Land is **thinking**.

The Conservative vote put you in power.

Be a Conservative and a gentleman.

**For all this is not statesmanship—it is
STARK, STARING MADNESS!**

LUCY HOUSTON, Patriot.

Reprinted from the SATURDAY REVIEW of March 7th, 1936.

Who is Mr. Anthony Eden ?

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

GOD'S Eternal Law is—That those who would hold what they have must be prepared to fight for it. To fight to defend your home—your honour—your dear ones—is the LAW OF NATURE.

THE birds of the air—the beasts of the field—the fish in the waters under the earth—and even the insect kingdom—know this Law and follow it. By conscription all the Nations of the earth recognise this Law—and Japan has shown us that to them their Country is dearer than life. None can alter this truth that Might is Right—and Victory is achieved only by the Strong. And every living creature upon the earth has to accept this Law.

BUT when I say every living creature—I must except a certain nancyfied nonentity named Anthony Eden. To Mr. Eden—love of Country—is anathema—and to patriots who would abide by this universal Law and fight for their Country—he says—

THE EDEN LAW

WHAT ARE THE LAWS OF GOD AND OF MAN TO ME ? I AM ANTHONY EDEN—MY WORD IS LAW AND I ORDER ALL BRITONS TO FOLLOW THE EDEN LAW, WHICH IS TO FIGHT ONLY FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. THIS DOCTRINE MAY BE DESCRIBED AS EVIL—UNNATURAL—UNPATRIOTIC AND AGAINST EVERY LAW OF GOD AND OF MAN—BUT WHAT DO I CARE ?—IT IS THE LAW OF ANTHONY EDEN.

THIS sinister self-worshipping simpleton who—by getting round a silly old man—has wangled himself into a position for which he is totally unfitted—imagines himself a saviour and redeemer—BUT IN ATTEMPTING TO ROAR LIKE A LION—HE HAS ONLY SUCCEEDED IN BRAYING LIKE AN ASS.

AND cowardly Conservatives are bowing down before this Brazen image of Brass—they are no doubt capable of kow-towing even touching the ground nine times with their foreheads in homage before this Prince of Ineffectuals.

THE CURSE OF THE GODS.

BUT are we not told that those whom the gods would destroy—they first turn mad.

ANTHONY EDEN has destroyed England's every friend by using any dirty weapon he can lay hands on to fight for the slave-driving Abyssinians. And by prating of Peace—and doing everything to force War upon us—he has earned for England the contempt and hatred of every self-respecting Nation.

WAR always has been—War always will be—War always must be—until the lamb lies down with the lion—but the lamb's name is not ANTHONY EDEN.